The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Why Germany "Totters"

"A FLYING FINANCIER," "a kind of colossal Paul Revere," Hans Luther, President of the German Reichsbank, makes his "dramatic airplane race through the financial centers of Europe," seeking credit to bolster up his country's falling finances.

Everywhere, in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Basle, he presents the same picture of the typical German—"round spectacles, bald pate, accentuated by close cropping of what hair remains; pink face, rather piercing eyes, a short, thick neck which crinkles over his collar." So the New York *Times* describes the one-time Burgomaster and ex-Chancellor of the Reich.

During the wild week that began with the Luther flights and ended with the enactment of emergency financial measures in Germany, the extension of credit to Germany by the world's central banks, and the actual putting into effect of the Hoover moratorium, Berlin correspondents were starting their dispatches with some such phrase as "Germany is tottering." And our editors were trying to offer readers some explanation of Germany's plight. Over in Europe German papers whole-heartedly blamed France for making all the trouble by delaying the Hoover plan, while Parisian editors were telling the Germans it was all their own fault.

There was little to do in Washington except to let things take their course and to send Ambassador Gibson to look in on the Young Plan Conference in London.

PARIS saw the frantic visits of Luther and Ambassador von Hoesch to French governmental leaders, and we heard assertions, then denials, that the French had made stern political demands in return for financial assistance. According to William Hard, writing in Paris for the Consolidated Press, the Germans were simply reminded that any credits must come from the bankers, and that many bankers both in France and elsewhere, believe German credit has been impaired by certain unwise policies, in particular—

"First, Germany's Army and Navy expenditures, not only for construction of the so-called 'pocket battle-ships,' but for the maintenance of a skeleton Army organization with a vast staff of departments.

"Secondly, tremendous expenditures for the railroads, many of which are regarded as purely strategic, and also grants to aviation and potential war industries.

"Thirdly, the insistence on the customs union with Austria.

"Fourthly, repeated public demands by German ministers for revision of existing treaties, and the failure of the Government to curb jingo agitation."

Such reports would bring from the Teutonic press grumblings like *Germania's:* "Paris wants to use German financial distress in order to put us under political pressure."

Hold Everything!

—Pease in the Newark "News."

IN Germany a financial panic was abrewing while Luther flew from capital to capital. The largest textile company in Germany—if not in Europe—went to the wall. German industrialists got together and put up a credit of $119,000,000 to back up the banks. But on the fatal 13th of July the fourth biggest bank in Germany, the Darmstaedter und National ("Danat" for short) with its $30,000,000 in capital and resources, suspended. The repercussions of this suspension were felt from Amsterdam to Riga, as the "Danat" is tied up in a network of international banking and business affiliations.

Banks closed in Hungary, Austria, and Roumania.

But the German Cabinet, which sat in continuous session for forty hours, promulgated a series of emergency decrees which warded off actual panic, temporarily closing banks and stock exchanges, limiting bank withdrawals, raising the rediscount rate from 7 to 10 per cent. and the interest rate on collateral loans from 8 to 15 per cent., and regulating the flow of foreign exchange. And on the same day world central bankers and officials of the "World Bank" at Basle decided to renew for three months the $100,000,000 credit that had been granted Germany in June.

On the 15th the Young plan payments due were withheld in accordance with the Hoover plan. The next day the "Danat" bank was open again, doing the business permitted by government regulations. And Finance Ministers, Foreign Ministers, and Premiers were conferring in Paris, and planning further conferences in London, while the world settled back to the realization that, while Germany might have been "tottering," it hadn't fallen.

"GERMANY does not intend to commit suicide," reassuringly asserts the New York *Times*. Others of our papers are pleased with the promptness and firmness of the German Government in this emergency. When industrial firms in temporary difficulties but with valuable assets have good management, are considered good moral risks, and are prepared to help themselves, the banks are generally willing to assist, observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, and "essentially, Germany's position is of this sort":

"The country's management, in the eyes of the financial world,

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is considered sound. President von Hindenburg enjoys public confidence both at home and abroad; Chancellor Bruening is regarded as a man of integrity and ability, and Dr. Luther, head of the Reichsbank, has demonstrated his financial statesmanship.

"On the point of moral risk it may be difficult for some who carry over the feelings engendered by the World War to think favorably of the German nation; nevertheless, if one looks at the stedfastness of purpose displayed by the German people in the face of the stress and strain of the last decade—a period in which they have enjoyed at best but one or two good years—one can not but be imprest with their capacity for social organization. Viewing them on this record, their moral risk ranks high."

On the third point, "assurance on the part of Germany that it means to do everything within its power to help its own credit position," *The Herald Tribune* feels reassured by the emergency program, and is convinced that now the world bankers will be prepared to do whatever is necessary to restore German credit.

But why should Germany be in such a pickle after being given the Hoover moratorium relief? This is the commonest question that our editors are asking these days. Germany's basic difficulty, the St. Louis *Star* feels, "is that she has no incentive to recovery when recovery merely means perpetuation of reparations payments for fifty years." It is not a new situation at all, contends the Richmond *News-Leader:* "A country can not import $1,500,000,000 of goods in excess of her exports, borrow $4,000,000,000, and pay out $2,500,000,000 in reparations—all in seven years—and still hope to maintain prosperity." In Germany, the New York *Times* reminds us—

"Revenue had not met expenditure in any fiscal year since that which ended in March, 1925.

"It was estimated that the accumulated deficit at the end of the fiscal year 1930 was 1,283,000,000 marks, or $305,000,000. The deficit on the ordinary budget for the year ending last March was 1,190,000,000 marks, or $283,000,000, and last month it was estimated that the budget for the ensuing twelvemonth, instead of being balanced by the taxation added in December, would fall short by 940,000,000 marks of covering home expenditure and the reparations annuity.

"Other governments have been confronted by a formidable public deficit; but Germany's particular difficulty was that increased taxation failed to meet the shortage, and that the Government's borrowing power had been shaken."

Foreign banks, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* understands it, apparently regarded the long negotiations over the Hoover plan in Paris "as a good opportunity to get out of Germany, thus precipitating the present crisis and bringing on the very difficulties which the Hoover plan was designed to avoid." The recent stress was indeed, caused in part by the withdrawal of foreign capital, but it was caused at least in equal part, writes Mark Sullivan in the Washington *Evening Star*, "by German individuals and corporations who, in alarm about the stability of their own country, sent some of their capital abroad to Switzerland, the United States, and elsewhere."

Apart from the flight of German capital, we read on the financial page of the New York *Times*—

"Germany faces a difficult problem in the shape of large short-term foreign loans which are subject to recall on short notice.

"No accurate figures on the extent of these foreign short-dated credits are available, but they are variously estimated at from $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000.

"So large a sum, constantly menacing the exchange by the threat of sudden withdrawal in the event of any economic or political disturbance, offers a stumbling block to German financial stability."

But that Germany has herself largely to blame is an opinion exprest both in France and in this country. *Le Temps* (Paris) accuses Germany of trying to paint too tragic a picture.

In London *The Evening Standard* reminds its readers that Germany "spent money without thought to the future, and the banks now in trouble must take a major share of the blame, since they conducted their business under an unsound system." Part of Germany's trouble, observes the New York *Evening Post*, has been due to the fact that she has been for years cumulatively hurting her credit abroad by crying: "I am broke. I can not pay." The Milwaukee *Journal* wonders—"is there a plan of being always about to go Bolshevik or Hitlerite unless all the loss of war is made up to Germany, while other nations carry its burdens?"

Even in Germany there are those who find Germans at least partly to blame. Says the Socialist *Vorwaerts:*

"The real guilt for Germany's plight rests with her giant industrialists, who, through rationalization of cartels and tariffs, have victimized the people and hindered the country's reconstruction since 1925. Equally guilty with them are Hitler and Hugenberg.

"Germany is now paying for the Nazis' turmoils with tightened economic capital, loss of credits, unemployment, and want."

And then there is the view-point that this last crisis was due to the French delay. The London *Times* has said: "The process of hard bargaining that has followed Mr. Hoover's original proposal has largely nullified its beneficial effects." During the period of delay, agrees the Omaha *World-Herald*, "much of the bloom of enthusiasm was rubbed off the peach." "And it is so that France, in a few days, has made the world-saving moratorium look like ten cents' worth of dog meat."

Gains and Losses From the Moratorium

The following table, taken from a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932. It does not include service of the Dawes plan loan to Germany (about $22,000,000), or of the Young plan loan (of about $16,500,000), which come ahead of everything else and have been distributed throughout the world through the banks.

German Reparations	
Great Britain	$82,500,000
France	192,100,000
Italy	44,800,000
Belgium (exclusive of mark claim)	24,700,000
Roumania	2,900,000
Jugo-Slavia	18,800,000
Greece	1,600,000
Portugal	3,100,000
Japan	3,000,000
Poland	100,000
Total reparations exclusive of Belgian marks claim $373,600,000, of which $130,600,000 is unconditional; $243,000,000 conditional.	
Belgian mark claim, left out of the above, $5,100,000.	
Outside of all these reparations agreements Germany has its settlement with the United States for Army costs and for claims, $15,700,000.	
Grand total net gain for Germany	*$394,400,000*
The United States Loses	
From Britain	$159,927,000
From France	39,994,000
From Germany	15,700,000
From Italy	14,602,000
From others (approx.)	15,500,000
Approximate total net loss	*246,000,000*
France Loses	
From Germany	$192,100,000
From others	1,834,000
Total	$193,934,000
France Gains by Not Paying	
To Britain	$64,790,000
To the United States	39,994,000
Total	$104,784,000
Net Loss for France	*89,150,000*
Britain Loses	
From France	$64,790,000
From Germany	82,500,000
From Italy	22,820,000
From others	6,860,000
Total	$176,970,000
Britain Gains by Not Paying	
To Italy	$1,215,000
To the United States	159,927,000
Total	$161,142,000
Net loss to Britain (not including remission of debts to British dependencies)	*15,828,000*
Italy Loses	
From Britain	$1,215,000
From Germany	44,800,000
Total	$46,015,000
Italy Gains by Not Paying	
To Britain	$22,819,000
To the United States	14,602,000
Total	$37,420,000
Net Loss to Italy	*8,595,000*

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Disarmament to Cure the Depression

"WAR HURTS EVERYBODY and helps nobody—except the profiteers—and settles nothing."

That crisp and eloquent characterization of war was uttered, strangely enough, by a military man, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, the only man who ever rose from private to field-marshal in the British Army. He is declared by Viscount Cecil of Chelwood to be England's greatest living soldier.

It was the keynote of a great public meeting in London at which, as we are told by the correspondent of the New York *Times*, "Great Britain committed herself to continue her efforts for that disarmament which Mr. Hoover declares to be a vital factor in the whole question of international debts and the world's economic ills."

But other great leaders struck the same note, and it is all the more significant that they are men of diverse political views—Premier Ramsay MacDonald, his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin, and the war-time Premier, David Lloyd George. Expressing the common view, Mr. MacDonald said:

"Unless we reduce men, unless we reduce guns, unless we reduce ships, unless we reduce the means of destruction from the air, and all other destruction, unless we can produce programs with armament figures less than the figures the various nations have now, we shall not have done our duty at Geneva. Geneva must give results."

This, the correspondent adds, "was the launching of England's campaign to put an aroused public opinion back of the Government's determination to make a success of the general disarmament conference at Geneva, next February."

From Italy, too, comes quick assurance that that country is anxious to stand with President Hoover in his contention that arms reduction should follow upon his debt moratorium. After a talk with Secretary of State Stimson, Premier Mussolini said, as quoted in the press, that "Italy is disposed to accept the lowest figure of armament, even a limit of 10,000 rifles for Italy—provided no other nation has more."

THESE developments, together with our acceptance of the League of Nations invitation to attend the arms conference, stir a great deal of comment in the American press, and our editors appear hopeful, if not exactly confident, that Mr. Hoover's moratorium leadership will find expression in reduced armaments. Many are the obstacles in the way, it is agreed—and the chief of these is said to be what attitude France will take.

But, as *The Christian Science Monitor* points out, "President Hoover's advice that the world should give 'solemn thought' to the question of competitive armaments during the year of respite from war debts seems to have struck a responsive chord on both sides of the Atlantic."

And the President appears to have high hopes of success at Geneva. Says Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune:*

"Intent upon the second step of his program for world economic relief, of which his debt moratorium is the first, President Hoover is already giving consideration to the composition of the American delegation to the arms conference at which all the resources of his statesmanship will be exerted to drive or tempt Europe into an agreement on progressive disarmament.

"The expenditure of five billions of dollars a year on armaments is an important cause of the world-wide business depression, in the opinion of the President, and more than any other single measure would a reduction of the burden of armament costs contribute to economic recovery."

And the same writer tells us that "European statesmen are learning that Europe can not expect the United States to reopen the war-debt settlements and scale down, if not cancel, their obligations, unless they proceed to disarm."

If the debt moratorium will ease the depression, says the Camden (N. J.) *Courier-Post*, "how much more would business be encouraged by a movement to reduce the five billion dollars a year it must pay in taxes to support the world's armies and navies!" And then this paper gives us a concise summary of the situation which President Hoover is struggling to overcome:

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A Means to the End

—New York "Herald Tribune."

"Large in themselves, the interallied debts and German reparations are quite insignificant beside the amount spent annually on armaments.

"France has led the movement for debt cancelation. For the fiscal year 1930-31 she paid us only $44,350,000 on war debts and interest.

"Yet France spent $432,000,000 in that same year on her Army and Navy, a sum almost ten times as great as her war-debt payment.

"France's debt payment represented little more than 2 per cent., her armaments almost 22 per cent., of her budget for that year.

"Italy—which needs capital—squandered more than one-fourth of her budget on arms, only six-tenths of 1 per cent. on her war debt.

"Even Great Britain—the only one of the great Powers which has been consistently and honestly reducing her armed forces—spent 14 per cent. of her budget on arms as compared with little more than 4 per cent. paid to the United States.

"While during the current year, when unemployment relief and tax reduction would be of great aid to business, our own country is spending 16 per cent. of its four-billion-dollar budget on the Army and Navy.

"A world in which industry is being taxed to death would take an immense step forward to prosperity if these huge and wasteful burdens were cut even by half."

Taking a general view of the situation, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* expresses the opinion of many papers thus:

"If the moratorium brings the economic benefits hoped for it, the apostles of disarmament can go to Geneva next year with strong arguments."

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Mr. Hoover's Refusal to Be "Humanized"

"THE PRESIDENT HAS DECLARED a moratorium on noise."

Mr. Hoover, it seems, wanted to take a nap.

So a Negro servant was dispatched to tell the carpenters who were working in a near-by room to stop their hammering. This "story" leaked out of the White House and into the newspapers.

Some fifteen similar minor "human-interest" stories have likewise "leaked" out of the White House by mysterious channels, Washington correspondents explain.

Annoyed and irritated by them, President Hoover instructed Theodore G. Joslin, his press secretary, to inform the newspaper men that, "as a result of a series of leaks, only such news as is given out through stated channels of the executive offices should be printed by the newspapers of the country."

A moratorium on White House news—censorship! A vast majority of the Democratic editors gibe and jeer, most of them in the South, tho the press at large resents anything that suggests restriction of the freedom of the press in these United States.

Presidential Privacy

—Gage in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

WHEN Theodore G. Joslin, a Boston newspaper man, was appointed, recounts the Charleston *Evening Post* (Ind. Dem.), his job was reported to be to "humanize Hoover." "Publicity experts prescribed some splashing on of color to catch the eyes of the people."

In snapping up the minor "human-interest" stories about the President, pursues the South Carolina editor, White House reporters were cooperating with this campaign to "humanize Hoover." "Paint me, warts and all!" cried Oliver Cromwell; but that, says his Charleston critic, is not the attitude of Mr. Hoover.

What were the stories that stung the President? Jay C. Hayden of the Detroit *News* (Ind.) summarizes them:

"It was reported, for example, that there was a patch on one of the White House window curtains; that the President had sent a Negro servant to stop carpenters, who were pounding in an adjoining room; that one of the Presidential dogs had bitten a Marine at the Rapidan camp; that Mrs. Walter H. Newton, wife of one of the White House secretaries, had fallen off her horse into the brook; and that Mr. Newton had established an office in the White House basement, next to the laundry, where he took important politicians for private conferences."

Mr. Hayden, who has "covered" the White House for sixteen years, compares the attitude of President Hoover with that of other Presidents. Roosevelt and Coolidge were past masters of the "human-interest" game, says this authority:

"Mr. Roosevelt frankly played these games with every weapon that came to his hand. The Coolidge process was more subtle. He avoided every outward appearance of publicity seeking, but he probably was the most photographed man who ever occupied the White House. It was a joke among the photographers that Mr. Coolidge would don any attire or assume any pose that would produce an interesting picture. He was never too busy to be photographed; nor is it recorded that he ever resented any revelation as to his personal habits. It was a rule of his official life never to deny anything.

"Mr. Hoover, in contrast, is prone to call newspaper men on the carpet for any misstatement, however trivial.

"Mr. Hoover can not stand being laughed at. Indeed he cringes at the thought of being talked about, personally, at all."

To Stem Our Wasteful "Orgy of Oil"

FIVE CENTS A BARREL for crude oil—and nobody to buy!

A slightly exaggerated rumor this, corrects the Fort Worth correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal* (New York); but, he adds, "one east Texas producer has tried unsuccessfully to sell 3,000 barrels daily at twelve and a half cents, loaded, which would net no more than seven and a half cents at the well."

Oil operators met in Oklahoma City one day and voted to close down oil-wells in that field completely until prices recovered. Kansas oil producers met in Wichita, to follow the report of the Chicago *Tribune*, and voted a State-wide suspension of operations. Their action has resulted in the closing of some 22,000 wells and the idleness of some 30,000 employees, according to the estimate of the Associated Press.

The sharpest thorn in the side of the petroleum industry is said to be the new "pool" of crude oil opened in east Texas less than a year ago. The Washington *Post*, in one of a series of editorials devoted to the "orgy," asserts:

"The chief offender in this orgy of oil is the new east Texas field that in one week produced 2,565,000 barrels, and that for months has been dumping oil on the market until prices have fallen to the ruinous figure of 8 and 10 cents a barrel.

"So far efforts to effect voluntary curtailment and proration among the operators of this field have failed, and the demoralizing effect of these cheaply drilled wells has spread to all sections."

TEXAS'S crude-oil output is estimated at something like a million barrels a day; yet the operators of the east Texas field still combat "prorationing," or governmental regulation of output. In special correspondence to the New York *Times*, Irwin S. Taubkin of Dallas explains the basis of this refusal:

"The matter is confused because of the passion for 'quick money' that seems to rule among some people in east Texas.

"For years other sections of the State made money from one thing or another, but east Texas remained poor but proud. When oil was struck it went to the heads of some of the people there, despite the valiant efforts of some leaders to preserve a balance.

"The emotions of these thousands of small independent operators and lease owners—farmers who are certain that any attempt to keep them from exploiting the oil in their ground is a big-company trick—are fanned by Carl Estes, a young newspaper editor.

"The fight becomes one of moral principle, whether in a democracy a man can use his own property as he sees fit without interference from any 'trust-dominated government.'

"This is aggravated by the fact that the field was abandoned by the major companies, which were brought back to it only after hardy independents had struck oil where the big-corporation geologists had said there was none."

THE Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* believes that the price crisis, which has precipitated the shut-down of wells in the mid-continent, and the attempted action of the Texas legislature to stop the unlimited flow of the fuel in that State, make evident the need for a national policy of oil conservation.

The Chicago *Daily News* condemns the selfish exploitation of hidden natural resources, but adds that "with rival operators draining each pool as speedily as possible, conservation becomes little more than a pious aspiration."

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The President's "Bear Hunt" in the Wheat Pit

"YOU MIGHT AS WELL appeal to the crocodiles of the bayous of Mississippi to stop biting as to ask the gamblers to stop short selling."

So exclaimed a Western Democratic Senator, when a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* asked his opinion of President Hoover's warning to the "bears" of the wheat pit.

Mr. Hoover bitterly denounces this practise of "selling short" in the wheat market as unpatriotic, "intended to take a profit from the losses of others, and to deprive farmers of their rightful income."

To avert a wheat catastrophe, he calls upon the short sellers of wheat to desist.

In a statement to the press, the President declares:

"It has come to my knowledge that certain persons are selling short in our commodity markets, particularly in wheat.

"I do not refer to the ordinary hedging transactions, which are a sound part of our marketing system. I do not refer to the legitimate grain trade. I refer to a limited number of speculators.

"I am not expressing any views upon economics of short-selling in normal times.

"If these gentlemen have that sense of patriotism, which outruns immediate profit, and a desire to see the country recover, they will close up these transactions and desist from their manipulations.

"The confidence imposed upon me by law as a public official does not permit me to expose their names to the public. If I could, I would gladly do so."

Near-Sighted

—Pease in the Newark "Evening News."

Bills to limit short selling, *The Times* reports, have been presented to the last three Congresses. One was sponsored by Senator Caraway (Dem.) of Arkansas, while Senators Capper (Rep.) of Kansas, and Dickinson (Rep.) of Iowa have long urged such legislation. The Capper-Dickinson bill, we read, will be reintroduced in the next Congress. It provides for limitation of any one operator's trading to 2,000,000 bushels of wheat a day, and his long and short positions to a similar amount.

WHILE President Hoover's denunciation of "short" speculators has brought renewed demands for restrictions of short selling in wheat, a three-cornered warfare continues more bitterly than ever. Wheat growers blame the Farm Board and the Grain Stabilization Corporation for their present plight, but officials of the Farm Board, as reported in the Chicago *Tribune*, accuse "the grain trade with desire of weakening the Farm Board's financial position by forcing it to pay storage rates on large stocks of wheat, and to discredit both the Board and the cooperatives it has fostered in the eyes of farmers."

Kansas ministers, meanwhile, are urged by the Wichita *Beacon* to pray fervently for the relief of the farmer. The whole question of short selling—to sell or not to sell short?—has been precipitated by Mr. Hoover's "bear hunt."

In the lingo of the stock and commodity markets, succinctly explains the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, a "short" (or "bear") "is a person who sells for future delivery securities or commodities that he does not possess. He sells under ironclad contracts with the hope that he may buy for delivery at prices less than he received." Nevertheless, the "shorts" "are said by experts to perform a useful function. . . . Any signs indicative of actual changes for the better will impel the shorts to rush in and buy whatever stocks and commodities they have sold."

Dailies versed in up-and-downs of the world wheat market go so far as to accuse the President of "short thinking"—the expression is that of the New York *Times*—on the subject of short selling.

The Wall Street Journal refuses to believe that there has been any conspiracy among "shorts" to depress wheat prices. "We are a surplus producer of wheat," the New York financial daily explains, "and therefore prices must be affected by world conditions."

"Liverpool is the great international wheat market, and since the Farm Board ceased its 'stabilization' operations domestic prices have been slightly higher than parity with Liverpool.

"To deliver a bushel of Chicago wheat to Liverpool costs from 17 to 22 cents, so the Chicago price should be approximately that much lower than Liverpool in order to permit exports.

"If prices here were unduly deprest, the spread between the two markets would be still greater.

"Now what are the facts? There has not been a day through the period named by the President that prices have been even on an export basis, but just the reverse; the spread has not been over 5 cents a bushel. Could a jury find evidence of bearish manipulation in that?

"World conditions have much to do with the price of wheat, but the situation has been aggravated by this Government turning an enormous bear into the wheat market disguised for a little while with the hide and horns of a bull.

"It stands unmasked now: The name of the bear is Farm Board and its two cubs are Farmers National Grain Corporation and Grain Stabilization Corporation."

ADMITTING that the short sellers are playing an important part in the present wheat debacle, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* emphasizes the difficulties of separating the "pure gamblers" in the wheat pit from legitimate traders and operators. Even if this were possible, this paper points out—

"It is to be doubted if the corrective effect on the march of commodity prices would be more than negligible.

"The real trouble with the wheat market is not the short seller but the long producer—millions of them throughout a world that can not consume all the wheat that is raised."

With wheat prices striking a new low record, and with reports of rebellious growers dumping their grain in the streets in protest against ruinous prices, the Kansas City *Star*, one of Mr. Hoover's earliest supporters, now calls upon him to declare a wheat moratorium. In a widely discust editorial, this paper proclaims:

"If the United States can relieve Germany of $250,000,000 in debts for a year, the Government can afford to pay $60,000,000 to hold back its wheat; if a foreign nation is entitled to a moratorium, the American wheat farmer should have one from the governmental agency that controls the wheat carryover."

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The Hawes Uproar in the Philippines

IN FARAWAY MANILA, a tall, thin, red-faced man and his shorter, heavier companion gaze across "a sea of brown faces and black hair," and listen to the tumult of a cheering host.

They are United States Senators, the first being Key Pittman of Nevada and the other Harry B. Hawes of Missouri. And, for their benefit, the Filipinos turned out by the scores of thousands—some estimates say a quarter of a million—to impress them with the Philippines' desire for independence from United States rule.

But there is an untoward incident. Eager as they are to impress and please the American Senators, part of the crowd turns

Acme-P. & A. photograph

He Starts a Pacific Uproar

Senator Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, who wins Filipino plaudits and American censure in his fight to free the Philippines.

ugly and lashes out against other Americans. As an Associated Press dispatch tell us:

"Between 200 and 300 Filipinos overran the grounds of the Army and Navy Club. They were ordered off, and showed their resentment by stoning Army officers and their wives in an outdoor swimming-pool.

"Several were hit, including Capt. Fred Adams, Thirty-first Infantry, and Robert Davis, youthful son of an Army officer. Police were called and cleared the grounds."

AND the result is that Senator Hawes, for whom the parade was specially given, is being sharply criticized in the American press. The islands, it seems, "have been in a ferment," says the New York *Times*, "ever since the arrival of Senator Hawes last month to determine if they really desire independence"—

"Senator Hawes is coauthor of the Hawes-Cutting bill, now pending in the United States Congress, which provides for a Filipino plebiscite regarding self rule, and is regarded by independence leaders as their best friend in Congress.

"Senator Hawes, hailed enthusiastically wherever he went, preached to the Filipinos that they must renew their drive for freedom, and was taken over the islands by Manuel Roxas, Speaker of the Philippine House of Representatives, and other ardent advocates of self rule.

"When he returned to Manila he stirred the Filipino imagination by bringing with him a barong, or tagalog native shirt, the wearing of which is regarded as a high mark of patriotism."

AFTER the parade, the dispatches tell us, Senator Hawes declared that it had convinced him of the Philippines' desire for independence.

But the same day that the Manila paraders were shouting themselves hoarse for freedom, the War Department at Washington gave out the annual report of Gov. Dwight F. Davis of the Philippines, in which he says that the islands, if independent, would have been swamped by the world-wide depression—

"A study of the statistics of imports and exports leads inescapably to the conclusion that the major factor which has prevented the present depression from reaching the proportions of a major disaster has been free trade with the United States."

And he adds that "the financial, political and social effects which would have followed the loss of this market under the existing circumstances can hardly be estimated."

Governor Davis's report and Senator Hawes's activities serve to revive discussion of the Philippine issue in the American press. As pointed out in THE LITERARY DIGEST of June 13, American cotton, dairy, and sugar interests are anxious to set the islands adrift to stop their competition, but some of the Filipino leaders, realizing how valuable a relative Uncle Sam is because of his great, free market, have lost some of their enthusiasm for speedy independence.

"A Senator Runs Amuck"—that is the caption on the New York *Herald Tribune's* editorial attacking Senator Hawes, and it says:

"When a Senator of the United States takes part in a great public demonstration against the Government of his own country, the ordinary language of polite comment becomes quite inadequate. Yet, that is exactly what Senator Hawes, of Missouri, just did in Manila.

"He reviewed a so-called 'independence' parade, held for his benefit, and made several speeches. The net result was the encouragement of disrespect for the flag which flies over the islands and the stoning of American women and children at the open-air swimming-pool of a Manila club. Senator Hawes may indeed be proud of his handiwork!"

DEFENSE of the Senator seems to be scarce in the press comment. In his own state, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asserts that "Senator Hawes is fighting a straw man with tremendous vigor," and the St. Louis *Star* calls it "an act of folly for any American to go into the islands and inflame the popular mind."

As for the reaction of the island press, a cable survey made for THE LITERARY DIGEST shows the Filipino-owned Manila *Tribune* asserting that "the liberty parade made factual the vision of our people marching to a political goal of their own choice." "If America remains unconvinced," adds the Filipino-owned Manila *Herald*, "if the American people still prefer to listen to the propaganda of insincerity being engineered by unscrupulous interests, then are the Filipinos helpless indeed."

But Philippine independence now would mean economic disaster, and possibly war in the Orient, is the flat declaration of Newton W. Gilbert, President of the Philippine-American Chamber of Commerce and former Acting Governor-General of the islands. In a radio address, he said, as quoted in the press:

"It would be the utter destruction of the high standard of living which has been developed by the Filipinos.

"It would be a return for them to the poverty and disease which prevailed before our adventitious coming; it would destroy their business and kindle a flame in the entire Orient which might result in a devastating war between the yellow and brown men on the one side, and the white man on the other."

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Genial Uncle Sam as a Cruel Stepfather

FLOGGING CHILD OFFENDERS, whipping them, handcuffing them, shackling their legs in dark dungeons, and in general giving some two thousand or more of them a post-graduate course in crime!

These accusations were brought against "genial" Uncle Sam by dozens of newspapers, which boiled over on reading the report of the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission on "the child offender in the Federal system of justice."

Dr. Miriam Van Waters of Los Angeles, who has specialized in the problems of juvenile delinquency, gathered the evidence published in the report.

But the reply came swiftly.

"No child or man in any institution under the control of the 'Federal Bureau of Prisons,'" hotly replies United States Attorney Gen. William DeWitt Mitchell, in a statement given to the press by the Department of Justice, "has been subject to corporal punishment, and the statement in some newspapers that children are flogged . . . is quite without foundation in fact."

The Department of Justice specifies:

"The report of the Wickersham Commission deals very largely with the conditions in State reformatories, over which the Federal Government has no control."

According to the Wickersham report, the Federal Government classes child offenders with criminal adults, and after conviction, sends them either to Federal institutions, or "farms them out" to the twenty-four State institutions referred to by Mr. Mitchell. The report adds:

"The Federal system of justice lacks the equipment which would be necessary if it were to give the case of the child offender the peculiar consideration which it should receive."

In the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, Gerald W. Johnson analyzes Dr. Van Waters's testimony as published in the Wickersham report:

"There are 2,243 of these poor little wretches, all under eighteen. Of the number, 990 were incarcerated for violations of the Prohibition law; 250 of these are under sixteen. Eighteen are under fourteen.

"Of the others, 492 are in prison for violating the immigration law, that is, trying to get themselves, or some one else, into the country in spite of our restrictions. It is hard to see any moral turpitude in that.

"But these two acts, neither of which was a crime a dozen years ago, have resulted in putting into these institutions 1,482 children.

"And delivered to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam, at least one has died in the dark cell, and what the rest have suffered God alone knows.

"'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones'—it may be that some people believe the Nazarene was speaking of none but proper children, and that He doesn't care what is done to tough little boys; but it might be that He had tough little boys especially in mind.

"It would be quite in character, for He was always particularly kind to the wretched. And if that is the case, what do you think would be His comment on the Government of the United States after reading that story?

"Something about millstones and the depths of the sea, it is much to be feared."

The Baltimorean recognizes that most of these young delinquents are "tough, sly, cheating . . . hellions to the bone"; he is, he protests, no mere sentimentalist; but every American citizen must face these ugly facts:

"Dungeons and leg-irons; a plank for a bed in a cell without a light; bread and water for diet; the rule of silence; the lash; the lock-step and the drill crew in the prison yard—things that break bull-necked plug-uglies and convert them from gorillas into twitching, shivering, terror-stricken rats, these things we have applied to children, to more than 2,000 children.

"What do you think, gentlemen of the Republic, of such things being done by the United States of America, being done in your name? For these institutions are your institutions, these laws are your laws, and the grim-visaged guards who wield the lash are your servants."

DAILIES like the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Evening Post* emphasize the fact that 990 (or approximately 44 per cent.) of the juvenile offenders were convicted of dry-law violations. The irony of this situation finds expression in *The Evening Post:*

"Think of it! With Al Capone still out of jail and dickering with the courts and with our own 'king of the beer racketeers' released, we find almost a thousand American children are in prisons for violations that can not compare with those committed by these really great violators.

Can This Be Me?

—Pease in the Newark "News."

"Prohibition 'enforcement' is as cruel as it is ineffective.

"As a short-cut to end the penal evils which it uncovered, the Commission recommends the transfer of all Federal juvenile prisoners to the more enlightened care of the various States. It is a novelty to find a Wickersham report which it is possible to respect and approve."

THIS Wickersham report prepared by Dr. Van Waters makes clear, declares the New York *Times*, that the Federal Government is not equipped to serve as a guardian for the delinquent child. Therefore, it is time for the Federal Government, according to the Commission, "to withdraw from the prosecution of juveniles, where such withdrawal will be in the public interest, and leave the treatment of such cases to the juvenile courts or other welfare agencies of the States."

If an occasional paper, like the Indianapolis *Star*, for instance, minimizes the importance of the Van Waters evidence, and condemns the report as "sob-sister sentimentality," indignation emanates from the majority of editorial pages like heat from a July pavement. The Dallas *Morning News* excuses Uncle Sam as being "inept rather than callous" in this matter. But the New York *Evening Journal* finds no excuse for "child torture," and calls for immediate remedial legislation.

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King Coal's Innocent Victims

"CHILDREN DON'T PLAY IN THE SOFT-COAL regions nowadays.

"They think, unless they are too sick."

For they are the underfed, underclothed, wretchedly housed victims of a cruel economic fate.

King Coal himself has been an invalid for years, and his illness, we read, has cast a blight upon the lives of thousands of his helpless subjects, principally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia, where strikes, outbreaks of violence, and a fight between "radical" and conservative unions are again drawing the nation's attention to its coal problem.

In these three States it is reported that some 40,000 miners are on strike, but the soft-coal workers of seven other States also are suffering because the pittance they earn holds down their living standard to the barest necessities. The basic cause of this condition, we read, is overproduction—too many mines and too many miners. In fact, it is estimated that 25 per cent. of the mines now running could produce all the coal needed.

Turning from academic discussions of what ails the bituminous coal industry, and how it might be cured, a writer for the North American Newspaper Alliance whose words introduce this article gives us an impressive description of how the economic malady expresses itself in terms of human misery.

The Four Horsemen
—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette."

"A VISIT to the region," he says in a copyrighted dispatch from Pittsburgh, "discloses a tragical situation. Here is a typical incident":

"'Mommie, I've got supper.'

"A nine-year-old boy, closely followed by three children under seven, came into the kitchen of one of the shacks of the Buffalo Mine, in the Washington County district.

"There was the wisp of a smile on his white, drawn face, something approaching triumph in his dull eyes. His father, long out of work, sat morosely on the porch, watching some half-starved chickens. The boy had become the bread-winner. In a tin pail he had plantain leaves, dandelions, and wild mustard sprigs, supper for the family. He had culled them from a luxuriant spot of ground near a dump.

"'Thanks, Harry,' said a woman of thirty, who looked fifty. 'I'm afraid that it's all we'll have, because I couldn't get any bread from Aunt Maggie. But she said she might get some tomorrow.'

"There had been a brave attempt to make the place attractive. No paint was on the outside of the drab wooden structure that had been put together fifteen years ago, but in 1922 the family had been able to get enough wall paper to cover the walls of the living-room. They had no running water, no electricity, only kerosene lamps.

"The American-born family, whose husband and father had been a war veteran, was about to be evicted, and in the two rooms up-stairs, which housed six people at night, pitiful ragged garments were piled up, waiting for the dread knock at the door.

"'I didn't mind so much,' said the young woman, 'when I had enough for the children to eat, but they are getting sick all the time, and I'm a little afraid. Then the men next door, who came in as strike-breakers, make so much noise that the children are fretful at night.

"'What will we do? We never know.'

"The children just sat on the floor and never moved. Children don't play in the soft-coal regions nowadays. They think, unless they are too sick."

IT was for such child victims as these, forced to eat weeds in a country which finds itself embarrassed by an enormous wheat surplus, that Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania appealed to the American Red Cross, pointing out that the State itself had no funds which it could legally use to buy food.

"The children of unemployed miners in western Pennsylvania are, as a rule, very seriously underfed," he wrote to John Barton Payne, chairman of the Red Cross.

But in "this genuine calamity," as the Governor called it, the Red Cross finds itself unable to give assistance. "The Red Cross is an emergency organization," explains Mr. Payne, "dealing with disasters which, broadly speaking, fall within a class said to be due to an act of God; a disaster which can be closed when the emergency has been met."

Promptly, a group of American writers, headed by John Dos Passos, and with headquarters at 799 Broadway, New York City, launched a nation-wide campaign for funds to buy milk for the children of unemployed miners in western Pennsylvania.

MEANWHILE, there were other developments. At the direction of President Hoover, Secretary of Commerce Lamont and Secretary of Labor Doak conferred with representatives of soft-coal mine operators to ascertain whether anything could be done to better the situation. Many of the operators feel, it is said, that little could be accomplished by calling a national coal conference at this time.

On the same day, we read, fifty ragged miners, some of them with their wives, picketed the White House, after the police had taken away their banners bearing such slogans as "Down with Hoover's Strikebreaking Conference" and "We Demand a Six-Hour Day." A group was permitted to present a petition to one of the Presidential secretaries.

These miners, the correspondents tell us, represented the National Workers Union, said to be a Communist organization, which is fighting the old union, the United Mine Workers of America, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

A week after the mine operators went to Washington, representatives of the United Mine Workers conferred with Secretary of Labor Doak, urging that President Hoover should call a general conference on economic conditions in the industry.

Pointing out that "the recommendations of what ought to be done have been voluminous," the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, in the heart of the coal region, demands:

"When, in the name of reason and humanity, is a conclusion to be reached and real steps taken to rehabilitate the industry?

"Repeated failure is not the American way. Neither is it the American way to show indifference to a condition of human suffering. Those who have again undertaken to rescue the industry should not allow themselves to be turned aside."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

STALIN'S Five-Year plan began with overalls and ends with overhauls.—*Dallas News.*

AMONG the first and most complete victims of hard times are soft jobs.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IF a plane ever heads this way from Europe loaded with bombs, I hope it's the *Do-X.*—*Detroit News.*

IF Mr. High's dry newspaper has not yet chosen a name, how about *The New York Daily Blotter?*—*New York Times.*

THE business depression, says an economist, cost us ten billion dollars. It wasn't worth it.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

BACKERS who have to pay the Chicago Civic Opera Company's million-dollar deficit begin to realize that grand opera always has a tragic ending.—*Dallas News.*

MAYBE, after all, we expect too much of a country that doesn't know how to dispose of either its used razor blades or its criminals.—*Louisville Times.*

EVERY one seems to know this is a buyers' market except the buyers. —*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

"GOLF is a great leveler," says a paragraphist. We have watched golf that would level mountains.—*Punch (London).*

NOW that Uncle Sam shows a deficit, we feel more like the old gentleman is really a relative.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

THE distinction is really quite simple. Your own party has an organization and the other party has a machine.—*New Mexico State Tribune.*

ANOTHER trouble with the depression is that we have to do without so many necessities in order to continue buying luxuries.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

AND 1932 looks like a fighting year for this country, at least. First comes the disarmament conference and then the Democrats hold their convention.—*Judge.*

Personal

—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

THESE world economic conferences always get along famously until somebody suggests really doing something.—*Southern Lumberman.*

THE French people, it seems to us, are afflicted with too keen memories. A good correspondence forgetting course might be helpful.—*The New Yorker.*

"SUICIDE is a national habit," says THE LITERARY DIGEST. And it's one habit that's especially hard to break, once you succumb to it.—*Southern Lumberman.*

SINCE it's just come to light that cannibals refuse the flesh of inveterate smokers, we can keep all our next year's campaign cigars to send to the missionaries.—*Detroit News.*

PROBABLY the change in sentiment toward Uncle Sam in Europe is only human, after all. As soon as they find they can stand him up, they stand up for him.—*Boston Herald.*

"PEAT," says an English caloric authority, "was among the first fuels used by man, and is still among the best." In other words, there's no fuel like an old fuel.—*New York Evening Post.*

IN America, prosperity is again beginning to make its appearance in the head-lines. It is somewhat slower, however, about making its appearance in the bread lines.—*Dublin Opinion.*

A NOTED international Nimrod reports seeing pinkish bears in the Himalayas. Heck! That's nothing. Look at the blue ones you can see, these days, without going any farther than Wall Street.—*Boston Herald.*

ANOTHER paradox is that only slaves to art become its masters. —*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

NOTHING else increases the value of affection like being alienated.—*New Bedford Times.*

THE radio has convinced us that Westinghouse knew very little about air breaks.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

ONE trouble seems to be that too many people are above the law and not above lawlessness.—*Stockton Independent.*

SAYS Amelia Earhart: "Women who might make good mechanics are shunted into cooking." From nuts to soup, as it were.—*Palm Beach Post.*

FEDERAL Department of Fisheries is going to investigate the shrimp. Glad to see some government bureau take an interest in the taxpayer.—*New York Evening Journal.*

AS we see it, the traffic problem will solve itself. Sooner or later the instalment people will take back their cars. — *Dublin Opinion.*

THE Reds can't get into our Government, but our Government has got in the red.—*Judge.*

A COCKTAIL in France has been named in honor of President Hoover. Maybe it's just a noble experiment.—*Harlem (Ga.) News.*

EVERY one should dress to suit his purse. Maybe this is the reason for the craze for nudity in parts of Europe at present.—*Dublin Opinion.*

"THE battle against depression has been won," says one of the boys who claims to know. Then why don't some employers cease firing? —*Judge.*

MUSSOLINI recently was thrown by a horse. The law of compensation would have been served better if he had been thrown by a bull.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

A PROFESSOR of English says that we shall soon need a new word to describe the speech used by the average American. What about the Ameriean Slanguage?—*Punch.*

COOPERATIVE marketing of wheat has been a great success except for the fact that the farmers wouldn't cooperate and there hasn't been any market.—*Judge.*

SOME lines of business are picking up. A report covering six months shows 310 bank hold-ups, an increase of 61 per cent. over the corresponding months of last year.—*Detroit News.*

GANGSTERS are said to be using a drug called marijuana, which kills all fear and pity in them. Why would it not be a good idea to use a little of it on some of the jurors who try them?—*Louisville Times.*

IF this commercialization of professional tennis continues at the present rate, the net result will be that it will degenerate into a racket and probably get into the courts.—*Southern Lumberman.*

IN England taxes are so high Sir Philip Gibbs has figured out that every man works three months of each year for the Government. Over here the statement goes only for government employees.—*New York Evening Post.*

AS we figure it out, it would require millions and millions of pounds to solve the housing problem, relieve unemployment, and discover cures for cancer and tuberculosis. And, of course, it's only for war you could raise a big sum of money like that.—*Dublin Opinion.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Soviet Sneers for Hoover

A DESPAIRING ATTEMPT to save capitalism.

That is what the Hoover debt holiday amounts to, as the Russian editors tell it to the Soviet comrades.

Capitalism is tottering, it seems, especially in Germany, and if it crashed entirely it would be a wonderful blessing for the German workers, we are assured by the Moscow editors.

If German finance is saved, the banks kept open, and the little savings accounts made secure, that will be a terrible misfortune for the German workers—they will still be "slaves." Wholesale bankruptcy and panic will make them as free and happy as their Russian comrades, whose plight has been often described in the public prints.

In fact, only a proletarian revolution can save the workers of Germany, for if German capitalism is snatched like a brand from the burning by the Hoover plan, it will only mean privations and suffering for the under dog in Germany.

That seems to be the general attitude of Soviet Russia's editors, who tincture their comments on the one-year holiday on international debts with skepticism and sneering irony. Yet, as some non-Soviet observers report, there is also to be found in Soviet journalistic pronouncements an attempt to hide the anxiety stirred in Moscow by President Hoover's forthright act.

The Soviet press emphasize with many cartoons of Mr. Hoover and of the Hoover plan their belief that his endeavor is "hypocritical," and ineffectual to save capitalism from the throes of death to which it is doomed.

But, on the other hand, adverse critics of the Soviet régime declare that Moscow is irritated and disappointed because Mr. Hoover has thwarted a revolutionary upheaval in Germany—the cherished hope of Sovietdom.

A Soviet Slam

"Hoover, Savior of Capitalism."

—"Isviestia" (Moscow).

THE official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, *Isviestia*, thinks it sees Mr. Hoover's move as plain as plain can be, saying:

"The quickly growing symptoms of approaching revolution in Germany have deeply perturbed the American bourgeoisie.

"The daily flight of millions of marks from the coffers of the Reichsbank, the panicky withdrawal by international bankers of their short-term credits in Germany, the great dissatisfaction which Chancellor Bruening's extraordinary laws have provoked among the German workers, the mass demonstrations of the millions of unemployed who do not want to starve in silence—all these factors have prompted the American bourgeoisie to display solicitude over Germany and to desire to 'stabilize its position.'

"Nearly two billion American dollars are invested in Germany; and it is but natural that the idea of losing this sum should disturb Americans.

"It is from here that the chief motive of President Hoover's action derives.

"Of course, Mr. Hoover can not confess frankly that a revolutionary upheaval in Europe, or at the least, Germany's bankruptcy would be a fatal blow to American capitalists.

"Yet, if the President were really interested in the welfare of other countries, he would have proposed not a one-year moratorium, but a complete annulment of war debts, which are greatly undermining that 'prosperity' which he professes to hold close to heart."

NOT to save Europe has America decided on the debt holiday, declares *Isviestia*, but to protect the billions of dollars of war debts, which it counts upon receiving from Europe. That is why—

"Prompted by his inexhaustible optimism, President Hoover seems to believe that capitalism can be saved at the price of the sacrifice of $246,000,000, the estimated sum the United States was to receive this year from Europe.

"If, however, capitalism could be saved as cheaply as that, its position would not be so bad. But in reality its situation is far more serious. President Hoover knows this, but does not want to admit it. Yet a year's breathing spell can produce no change of any importance in Germany's affairs."

P. Lapinsky, an official Soviet reviewer of international affairs, asserts in *Isviestia* that President Hoover's move is sure "to entangle even further the various conflicts among the capitalistic Powers." It is obvious that the French have accepted Mr. Hoover's proposal only with great reluctance, and this commentator proceeds:

"Of course, the most intelligent of the French imperialists, too, realize that the Young plan can not work. Yet they will be willing to give it up only, as *Le Temps* puts it, at the price of new 'economic, political, and moral' guaranties on the part of Germany—in other words, at the price of Germany's complete subjugation to French imperialism.

"So, President Hoover's policy in the end will result in the complication of Franco-American relations and in the sharpening of the antagonism existing between France and Germany.

"Instead of clearing up the atmosphere in Europe, it only will add fuel to the rising flames of European conflicts."

Pravda, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, is incensed at the Hoover plan, because "it will in no way alleviate the plight of German laboring elements in general, and of German workers in particular," and this daily asserts further:

"It will neither save them from unemployment nor from Chancellor Bruening's extraordinary laws. Germany's working class can be saved only by a proletarian revolution. As for the Hoover plan to save German capitalism, it will mean to German workmen nothing but new burdens and suffering.

"In its essence, Mr. Hoover's action is a blow aimed at French leadership in Europe and at France's dominating financial position on the Continent.

"This blow calls for comparison with England's recent move against France in the case of financial complications in Austria, when England salvaged a tottering Austrian financial institution, which France refused to help unless certain political concessions were made by Austria.

"As the Young plan, contrary to expectation, failed to stop the jars between the imperialistic nations, so the Hoover plan likewise will only contribute to their further increase.

"Hence, the Communist parties in general, and, in particular,

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the Communist parties of Germany, France, and America, must denounce pitilessly this new attempt to 'save' Germany, which, in reality, is but a new method for the subjugation of the German masses to the Versailles system.

"Our sister-parties must point out to the proletariat of the entire world, time and again, that the only real way out of the international economic crisis lies in proletarian revolutions. Only the working class itself can improve its position by taking its fate in its own hands."

Chinese Boycott Threat to Japan

BRANDISHING the boycott "big stick," China's most effective weapon against Japan, the Chinese are threatening to land it because of the anti-Chinese riots early in July in Korea, resulting in the killing of nearly one hundred Chinese by Korean mobs.

The Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, we learn from Shanghai dispatches, assumes leadership in the organization of a nation-wide boycott of Japanese goods, and advocates breaking off all commercial relations with Japan.

Nanking Government circles, it is also reported, have received telegrams from Chinese organizations in all parts of the country urging such a boycott.

That the Chinese are bitterly dissatisfied with the Japanese Government's formal replies to the Chinese protest regarding the Korean riots is also on record.

Meanwhile a canvass by cable of the Japanese press for THE LITERARY DIGEST shows that these newspapers are unanimous in charging that the direct cause of the anti-Chinese riots in Korea is the persecution of Korean settlers in Manchuria by the Chinese. Moreover, in recent years, Tokyo editors remind us, Chinese immigrants have established considerable economic influence throughout the Korean Peninsula, taking advantage of low silver, and working for wages less than those of the Koreans.

But, we learn also from these cable inquiries that the Korean Shinkankai organization, which is working for the independence of Korea from Japan, is believed to have instigated the mobs to some extent. Nevertheless, the outrages were chiefly directed against the Chinese, the police and Japanese residents suffering little damage. Echoing the opinion of many Japanese organs, the Tokyo *Asahi* remarks:

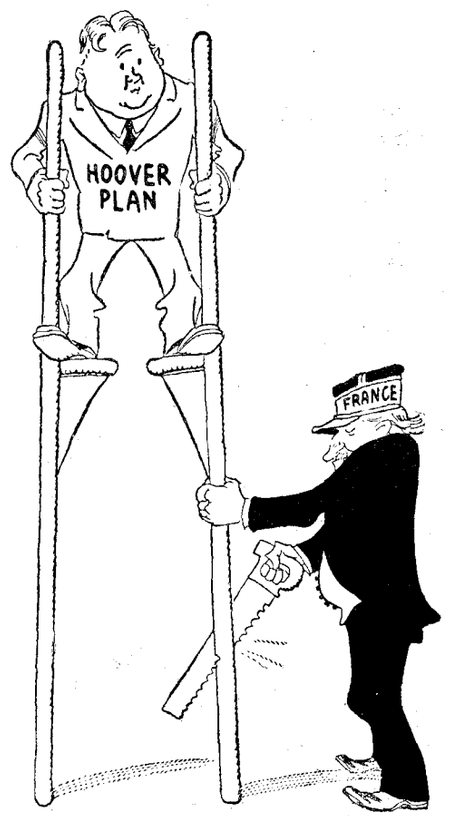
"The riots against the Chinese are the culmination of their century-long persecution of Koreans in Manchuria, where the Chinese have been attempting to confiscate lands and rice paddies which the Koreans have developed."

THE Chinese are also determined to drive Japan entirely out of Manchuria, according to the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi*, which tells us that the Japanese Government plans a special conference this fall to discuss a new Manchurian policy to meet this threat.

In fairness to the Japanese it should be pointed out that their press do not attempt to blame everything on the Chinese, because, observes the *Nichi-Nichi:*

"Japanese authorities in Korea are partly responsible for the regrettable disturbance. It would not have occurred if the authorities had settled the matter of persecutions of Korean settlers in Manchuria.

"Shidehara proposes to allow Koreans to acquire Chinese citizenship under certain conditions. Chinese-Korean relations in Manchuria have been harmonious since the Koreans engaged in the development of paddy fields, which the Chinese avoid."



How France Fixes the Hoover Stilts
—"Isviestia" (Moscow).

Chugai Shogyo, the newspaper organ of Japanese business interests, attacks Shidehara's "weak-kneed" foreign policy, asserting that "aggressive action in Manchuria is essential."

A roar of indignation against the Japanese arises in unison from the Chinese press. The Peiping *Leader*, a Northern mouthpiece for the Nanking Government, declares flatly:

"The Chinese-Korean troubles will not be settled as long as Japan considers Manchuria a part of the Japanese Empire instead of an integral part of China.

"The only way to prevent trouble is for Japan to adjust her policy, taking into consideration the feelings of the Chinese respecting China's territorial and administrative integrity in Manchuria, by actions and not by mere words."

ALSO in the LITERARY DIGEST cable poll of the Chinese newspapers, we find the Shanghai *China Press*, owned and edited by Chinese, making the following charge:

"Officials believe that the motive for the anti-Chinese riots, which were inspired from higher quarters, must be attributed to the anxiety of Japan to maintain supremacy in Manchuria in view of the gradual extension of Soviet influence in the extreme Northeast of China.

"Japan naturally views the rise of Soviet influence in Manchuria with alarm, and is determined to prevent the undermining of Japanese prestige.

"Tokyo hopes to increase her military strength in Manchuria without attracting the attention of the world."

IN an earlier editorial *The China Press* voiced Chinese opinion in these words:

"Apparently the anti-Chinese riots broke out in various parts of Korea with remarkable synchronization. The extraordinary feature of the whole business is the fact that almost all news received comes through Japanese sources.

"Considerable feeling has been aroused among the Chinese community here in Shanghai, and the belief has been exprest that it may be found that the affair is not so spontaneous as it seems.

"It is suspected that Japan's militarist policy in Manchuria is the real fundamental cause of the present strained situation."

A second protest note to Tokyo, according to a New York *Times* wireless dispatch, denies Japanese allegations of Chinese oppression of Koreans, and charges that:

"The Japanese authorities in Korea failed to exercise due diligence for the prevention of the well-organized, premeditated attacks or their subsequent prompt suppression. It is reported that the note will ask for immediate compliance with the following points:

"'First, effective measures to stop riots, and assurances against their recurrence; second, full compensation for Chinese Nationals; third, the prosecution and punishment of the ringleaders; fourth, discharge of the local Japanese or Korean officials guilty of the negligence of preventing or not suppressing the outbreaks.'"

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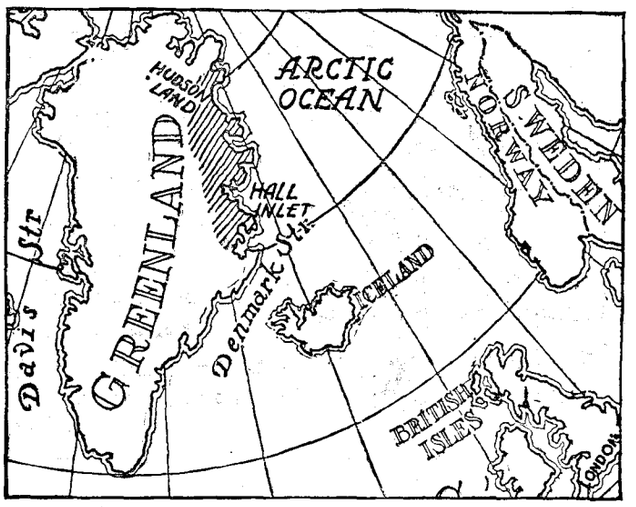
Norway's "Grab" at Greenland

"GREENLAND, WE ARE HERE!"

This cheerful hail to a section of the globe which, since the days of the adventurous Vikings has been called "the most inhospitable shore in the world," was vociferated in June by young Norwegian hunters who planted the flag of their country on a section of East Greenland lying between 75:40 and 71:30 degrees north latitude. Then followed the press report from Oslo that King Haakon VII had signed a formal declaration taking East Greenland into Norwegian occupation.

Now the question of Greenland has been brought before the Permanent Court of International Justice (World Court) at The Hague, in a complaint made by the Danish Government against the Norwegian occupation of East Greenland.



From the New York *Herald Tribune*

Where Norway "Grabbed" Greenland

The shaded area in the eastern section of Greenland, between 75:40 and 71:30 degrees north latitude, has been officially occupied by the Norwegian Government.

Public feeling in Denmark is said to be intense, and a Copenhagen Associated Press dispatch advises us:

"There was much press comment that the Government had been too friendly and too easy in the controversy. It was pointed out that Denmark had not considered her sovereignty questioned until recently, and that Norwegian traders had always been treated in a friendly fashion, and had been given every facility in Greenland.

"It was learned that the line to be taken before The Hague tribunal by the Danes is that Norway in 1821 relinquished all claims, and that the agreement in 1924, which gave Norwegian traders access to East Greenland, was tantamount to Norwegian recognition of Danish sovereignty there."

But from Oslo, capital of Norway, comes a United Press dispatch informing us that:

"The Government issued a statement to-day that it had occupied East Greenland only to enable Norway definitely to claim sovereignty at The Hague. Otherwise, it was explained, The Hague could decide only whether the territory were Danish 'or No-Man's Land.'

"Foreign Minister Birger Braadland was quoted by a Danish correspondent of the newspaper *Politiken* as saying that 'without Norwegian occupation, arbitration would not have been practicable. Norway's only desire was to protect her trade interests.'"

A LITERARY DIGEST cable poll of the Copenhagen newspapers reveals the *Ekstrabladet* as saying:

"No doubt even in Norway public opinion will assert itself to the effect that the occupation of East Greenland is a direct violation of international law."

Says the *National Tidende:*

"Denmark has heard Norway's Foreign Minister Braadland talking about Scandinavian brotherhood. His expressions now are valueless. They do not fit this particular situation.

"When 'brotherhood' impels one country to occupy another's land, then cooperation sounds like fiction. Norway has occupied. Very well.

"But please use no more sentimental expressions regarding a united Scandinavia."

THE LITERARY DIGEST'S cable poll of the Oslo press discloses the following from the Conservative *Aftenposten:*

"The Government made every attempt to avoid occupation by negotiations. The Government was forced to occupy because it was Danish opinion that the Hague Court would declare East Greenland No-Man's-Land, which really would mean no decision at all, and would lead to new discord."

THE Conservative *Morgenbladet* thinks that all Norwegians should welcome the Government's act, and it adds:

"Denmark's final note has not proposed any modus vivendi by which Norway could appeal to The Hague with regard to sovereignty over East Greenland."

Among the Liberal Oslo press the *Dagbladet* points out that "occupation will provide a basis for Norway's appeal to The Hague." Apparently, however, the Labor press in Norway protested against the occupation, for the Liberal *Tidens Tegn* avers:

"Every speaker on the subject of Norwegian rights is aware that the Labor newspapers protest the occupation due to Danish support of the Norwegian Labor Federation during the present labor conflict with the Government. The occupation, is only technical, and was made for the purpose of obtaining a final decision from the Hague Court."

Sanctuaries for India's Wild Game

"THIS is holy ground. No one must shoot here."

Sanctuaries for the wild game of India are advocated by the Calcutta *Statesman*, joining the campaign for the preservation of the fauna of the old world, certain types of which are "being rapidly wiped out of existence."

"Wild animals are shot by hosts of people," laments this English daily of Calcutta, "because of the profits that can be made from their skins. This is the chief reason why the *sambhar*, the most lordly of the stags of the old world, has become so rare in India."

"There can be no excuse for those who having become possest of modern firearms proceed to use them savagely against the whole animal kingdom.

"Bloodlust is the only explanation.

"We have seen in a pamphlet issued by a Belgian society for the preservation of the fauna of the world, an amazing and a disgusting photograph showing an African hunter, a white man, surrounded by his trophies of the chase.

"The collection is a mass of heads, and horns, and hoofs, probably all obtained in the course of the day, for there are evidently fresh gouts of blood adhering to the heads of the decapitated animals, and these are zebras, the least offensive of all the African mammals.

"Our own view is that the best means of preserving certain types of animals is to create sanctuaries.

"It was a sanctuary which preserved the saddleback, the so-called ibex of the Nilgiris, and the big sanctuary in Assam has resulted in the rhinoceros so multiplying that neighboring tea gardens almost speak of them as a nuisance.

"The sanctuary, too, saved the lions of Gir.

"It would seem that tho we can not protect game generally in India, even in the reserved forests, there is some kind of virtue in the word *pak*. 'This is holy ground. No one must shoot here.'"

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Robinson Crusoe of Our Day

TRADER HORN SPENT HIS DECLINING YEARS retelling, to any who cared to listen, the tales that made his book famous.

Settled down in England, they made him a member of the Savage Club, and the London *Evening Standard* records that "there was some excitement over his introduction to 'Old Odell,' who was ever so many years his senior."

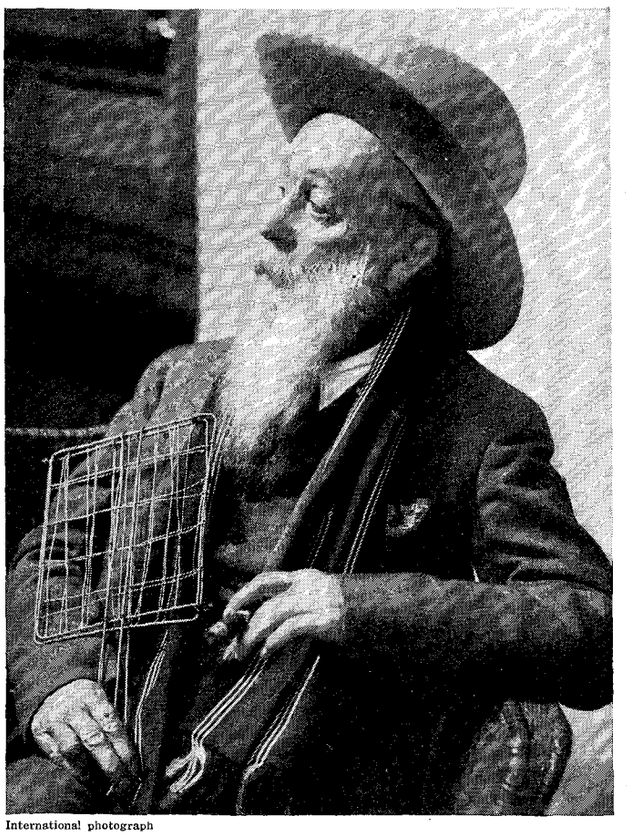
Odell seems to have been an actor who just missed great fame as a tragedian.

The tale continues:

"It was thought that the two veterans would cotton on together at once, and delight in talking over events which happened before the majority of the other members were born.

"Not a bit of it.

"Odell was furious at finding a rival old man, and refused to shake hands with him. 'I have no interest in these upstarts,' he muttered as he walked away. 'That man should be put in a museum and never let out again,' remarked old Horn."



International photograph

With the Symbol of His Trade

Trader Horn retired from vending broilers to become famous as a personality even in the movies.

The Daily Express owns him as a true son of the British Empire:

"'Trader Horn' was of a breed of Englishmen that will never be outworn so long as England is England.

"All through British history his type appears—as Crusader, as buccaneer, as colonist, pioneer, trader, and Empire-builder.

"Set him anywhere in Africa or near it, and he was happy and at home.

"He could do a deal in anything from ivory to gorillas. He read the native mind like a book. He passed from adventure to adventure, and from one exciting job to another, as easily as Mr. Jones, of Manchester, goes daily from his home to his office.

"In the end the supreme pedler of our times became rich through his reminiscences and film picture of his life, and the supreme nomad of our times has died prosaically in bed in a nursing-home."

THAT the English delight in him is given ample evidence in the Manchester *Guardian's* editorial after his death on June 26:

"Tales of raw adventure are much loved among quiet city people. The manly, the unconfined, is dear to them whether on a screen or in a book. Aloysius Horn was not merely a book, he was a personality as well.

"His long beard and his pungent speech were popular wherever men wore bowler hats, trod on asphalt, and, in their security, hungered after insecurity. He may have been Zambesi Jack in Africa; he was indubitably Trader Horn in Streatham.

"His death is, perhaps, more Streatham's loss than the Zambesi's. Streatham will mourn him; the Zambesi may easily by this time have forgotten him.

"Aloysius Horn was fortunate enough to personify an illusion like any film star or popular novelist. Men in offices dream of a more vigorous and daring existence, stay in their offices, and taste adventure through Aloysius Horn. To be their vehicle in this way is both lucrative and agreeable.

"It was a happy day for Aloysius Horn when a certain Mrs. Lewis showed him how to capitalize his adventures. He was written up and became a best-seller. Since the first statement of his character he has, within the limits of that character, exprest opinions and played the oracle.

"As might have been expected, his philosophy was chesty and robust. He was Shavian only in that he had an expressive beard and, in his own way, made taunting pay.

"There have not been wanting those to throw doubts upon the truth of his many strange adventures. Does their truth matter, in any case? Like Robinson Crusoe, his life spun a tale—a readable tale!

"It is possible that by the Zambesi, Aloysius Horn was less impressive than by the Serpentine; and those cannibals with whom he boasted to have got on so agreeably may have despised him as much as we, who are not cannibals, were intrigued by him.

"To us he personified the adventure we shall never experience; cannibals may well have found him a very timid individual."

IF any have missed, whether by book or screen, the story of the man, "more full of sheer stingo," as Galsworthy said, the London *Daily Telegraph* fills in the details of what the above comments generalize:

"Educated at a Roman Catholic school at Liverpool, Alfred Aloysius Smith went out to the Ivory Coast for a steamship company when he was about seventeen. From assisting in developing the ivory and rubber trade, he developed into 'Trader Horn.' He went as near to becoming a native as a white man could, and his intimacy with native chiefs was only equaled by his knowledge of wild animals.

"With the natives he seemed to be able to establish a bond which few other white men could equal, and even cannibals he described as his 'blood brothers.'

"Horn proposed himself for membership of the great secret society of Egbo, and was duly initiated. At the ceremony he met 'the kind but piercing eyes' of the 'goddess' Lola D——, the daughter of an English aristocrat turned trader, who bought an island off the coast for a bottle of rum and settled there with his wife, an octoroon.

"He was poisoned by a medicine man, who took possession of the wife and baby. Lola was brought up as a deity by her stepfather, and kept in the joss-house. The maiden proved a good friend in several emergencies, but Horn, with the chivalry of youth, decided that a joss-house was no fit place for a highborn young English gentlewoman, and decided to steal her, together with a large ruby which played a part of the ritual.

"He enlisted the help of a friend, 'Peru' Graham, and the abduction, assisted by a copious helping of rum to the chief priest of the joss-house, was accomplished without much

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difficulty, and Graham married the girl at Madeira on the way home.

"It was adventures such as these of which Horn's life was made. He went hunting, prospecting for minerals from Abyssinia to the Cape; storekeeping in Rhodesia; bricklaying in Kentucky—a euphemism for making mash-tubs for moonshiners; painting pictures or inn signs indiscriminately as he tramped the States; catching African butterflies for collectors; and collecting mastodon bones for phosphates in Florida.

"He had been a favorite of the paramount Queen of Madagascar, and was outlawed by the French for fighting for her against them; and had served as tax-collector to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

"Horn came to England during the war, and tho he knocked twenty years off his age he failed to get into the army, and tried his hand at mine-sweeping.

"In 1929 he was captured by the talkies, and the 'Trader Horn' film of the jungle, complete with sound effects, was almost as popular as his books."

Mr. Wodehouse Told

A MAN WENT TO HOLLYWOOD and "earned" $104,000 in one year for doing nothing.

It was P. G. Wodehouse, the English humorist, whose amazement over his good fortune was told in our issue of June 27.

He was supposed to write talkie plays, but nobody seemed to ask him for his product. The pay checks were prompt, however.

The Hollywood Spectator now tries to tell Mr. Wodehouse and others, who met with only financial appreciation, why it was:

"Something is to be said for the producers who bring to Hollywood well-known writers whose names mean something to the public, pay them enormous salaries, forget them except on payday, and then permit them to drift home again.

"The poor, bewildered producers don't know any more about story-writing than they do about picture-making, and one can understand why they think that a man who gained prominence by his facility at expressing himself in one medium should do equally well in another medium.

"Sensible people, of course, will know that the thing can't be done, but producers are not sensible people. They have enough sense not to employ their barbers to make their clothes, but they haven't enough sense to know why a man who writes successful stuff for printed pages can't necessarily write successful stuff for the screen."

With this general introduction, we then get Mr. Wodehouse's case:

"Metro brought P. G. Wodehouse to Hollywood and paid him two thousand dollars a week for a year. Wodehouse has given me many joyous hours, for which I am grateful, and I have a high regard for his brilliance in his particular line; but *Spectator* readers may recall that when he first arrived here I was unkind enough to say in these pages that he had nothing to contribute to the screen.

"In a pleasant and gentlemanly little interview published some weeks ago in the Los Angeles *Times*, Mr. Wodehouse expresses himself as amazed that he gave no returns for his $104,000.

"No one shares his amazement. It is what is being done.

"Metro shareholders would be amazed if they knew how unnecessary it was to waste so much money, but as the full sum was spread over a few productions and passed on to exhibitors to pay, it will not appear as a loss, and the shareholders will have nothing to worry about. That is, they won't know they have."

Mr. Wodehouse and others are next given a bit of advice:

"What interests me is that a man with the attainments of Wodehouse did not avail himself of his excellent opportunity to learn how to give something in return for all the money Metro paid him.

"Famed authors come out here—I'll grant you there's no reason for it—sit in offices and snort indignantly because studio executives are not at hand to light their cigarets for them; they do not make the slightest attempt to learn anything about a medium of expression that is new to them, but presume to write something to be exprest in it.

"After a while they go away to some other place and say things about Hollywood. Wodehouse, however, varied the form. He stays here, says the things here, and says them so nicely and with such good taste that a desire to meet him has been created within me.

"The reason I oppose so energetically the practise of buying big authors for the use of their big names is that I know how utterly incapable the studios are of realizing any returns on the investments.

"But these same big authors could yield returns if they would forget some of the dignity they presume belongs to them, and get in and dig. No writing that they can do will pay them so well as writing they could do for the screen, if they knew how. They can't learn how by sulking in offices or by asking their bosses.

"Their bosses don't know. But the authors could find out. Two thousand a week isn't a bad salary for starting at the bottom and working up."

What Shakespeare Earned

AMERICAN Shakespeare investigators are more original than the English, says the "Diarist" of the London *Evening Standard:*

"In this country Shakespeare research is confined largely to those people who seek to prove that the good man did not write his own works.

"An Illinois professor has been working for years on the task of elucidating Shakespeare's income. He has arrived at the conclusion that in his best years the bard's average earnings as dramatist, poet, actor, and producer were only £250 per annum. ($1,250.)

"The figure is not so insignificant as it appears.

"In present-day values it is equivalent to about £2,000.

"Modern authors will not be envious. There is at least one living dramatist who must pay five times that amount in income tax."

The Cover

YOU can test the color on the cover any of these days when the sun shines.

The competition will not come off to the disfavor of Mr. Clinedinst, the painter.

You will enjoy the coolness as well as the sunshine. Also you will read with interest the artist's brief autobiographical sketch below:

"My earliest recollection dates from the stirring times of the War between the States—down in Virginia, 1859, not far from Winchester. These few events mentioned below form a very small part of what I saw as a child. Then it was not unusual to see armies pass and repass, when skirmishers fought around it and in the streets. In these few years I unconsciously stored in my mind much that was to be useful later as an illustrator—1899 to 1908.

"I mention briefly and dimly remember the day when a terrible event happened: Old men, women, and children (the younger men absent and serving in the Confederacy) rushed to the street, porches, and windows, wept and called out in despair. Later I learned this must have been when the news reached us of Stonewall Jackson's death.

"One rainy day in '64, Sigel's Army passed, and to meet defeat at New Market, not far away. Here occurred the charge of the Virginia Military Cadets, which turned the tide of battle. Just as the Federal Army passed our home my attention was attracted by a burst of copious profanity and the terrible beating of a camp follower's balky mule, which was later given to me.

"The old colored woman, in whose care I was, finally induced the animal to consent to hitching near by. Almost immediately a patrol looking for stragglers rode up and, to my indignation, examined the poor thing. I gathered quickly some small stones in its defense. The sergeant, unimprest, threw back his head laughing, reached over, patted me on the head and rode on.

"I painted a large mural picture of this engagement of the cadets at New Market, 1913-1914, twenty by twenty-eight feet high. Was educated at the Institute, class of 1880, V. M. I; later was four years at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris.

"Criticized classes in the past at the Art Students League, New York; Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; Cooper Union, New York."

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Nathan Goes to the Theater in London

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN may be the first American guest-critic engaged to tell the British about their own plays.

However that may be, he is doing his job in approved Nathan style.

"A guest-critic in a land not his own must obviously surrender to certain demands of the punctilio imposed upon him by the hand of his hosts," he writes in the London *Daily Graphic*, yet one must see that he can not entirely abandon the rôle of *enfant terrible* he so enjoys in his home land.

Defending himself with the reflection that "there is, after all, a limit to good manners," he pays his tribute to J. B. Fagan, whose "The Improper Duchess" seems to embody some of the author's observations during an American visit:

"Mr. Fagan's play—it required but a very short time to discern—is, in plain words, a lamentable gimcrack.

"Attempting to satirize various idiosyncrasies of the United States—its laws, its morals, and its people—it proceeds about the business with the deftness of a fencer armed with a mop.

"Instead of acid, it employs dynamite, much after the manner of a man who, in a shooting-gallery, would aim at the clay pipes with a Busy Bertha.

"Everything that Mr. Fagan heaves at in America is undeniably justly heaved at, for that country is in many respects, as any American without a flag in his buttonhole will readily agree, a nation that still has a very long way to go to learn.

"That is not the point.

"The point is rather that Mr. Fagan, despite his efforts to be broadly humorous about it, is clearly indignant over American crudities, and that indignation is a poor foundation for satire.

"His play, accordingly, suggests a series of Hearst comic-strip cartoons surprizingly found in some jitney radical weekly.

"Mr. Fagan is a writer not without a measure of talent.

"But in 'The Improper Duchess' he reveals himself a literary and dramatic longshoreman, with a touch as heavy as lead and with a brand of humor associated by us largely with those burlesque halls wherein the height of wit consists in the comedian's planting of a toe in the fat soubrette's posterior.

"Laying hold of the same materials used by Mr. Fagan, one of your playwrights like W. S. Maugham or Frederick Lonsdale—or most certainly that droll Irishman, George Birmingham—might have evolved a satirical comedy that would have made the American auditor wince under his surface jollity.

"There would have been sharp and delicately poisoned needles in such a case, where now there are only blackjacks. In such other hands, even the stale allusions to American sky-scrapers, thick sandwiches, oh-yeahs, Western millionaires' daughters, and unremitting hand-shakings might have been made into the stuff of biting laughter.

"In Mr. Fagan's hands they remain simply the depressing equivalents of the eminently dull American jokes on British unheated houses, turned-up trousers, oh-reallys, and roast beef."

Keystone photograph

Our Absentee Critic

George Jean Nathan, who is telling London where its drama gets off.

ANOTHER English play gave Mr. Nathan occasion to go deeper and in a more general way into the subject of English humor as displayed both on the stage and in the audience.

Sitting before a farce called "Turkey Time" he has some heart searchings:

"When it comes to the kind of British humor on tap at the Aldwych Schauspielhaus, something is wrong with me.

"All around me the laughter at it took on the volume of 'Feuersnoth.' In fact, a gentleman seated behind me so gave himself to mirth that it was necessary for the lady with him to hail an usher to pat him on the back in order to quiet him sufficiently to allow his neighbors uninterruptedly to continue their conversation about some dance restaurant in Bury Street.

"Yet there I sat like a spook at supper, grim, immobile, and, I fear, something of an object of scorn.

"It is not that British humor does not appeal to me. Certain specimens of it loosen my midriff in a high and salubrious fashion.

"I have at times, indeed, laughed so loudly in English theaters and music halls that the rare spectacle of a professional critic so enjoying himself was cabled back not only to the United States, where it was immediately discredited and returned for confirmation, but also to Germany, where the estimable Herr Alfred Kerr denounced it as an insult to the intellectual dignity of the critical art, and to France, where it made not the slightest impression at all, because French dramatic critics, of course, believe that no critic should ever be amused save by some one who belongs to his own particular sodality and has at least once printed an article eulogizing him as a great artist.

"Nevertheless, as I say, the peculiar species of jocosity merchanted on the Aldwych stage left me as unmoved as the playing of the Abyssinian national anthem, even by a full brass band at the apéritif hour."

MR. NATHAN, trying to be polite, also "tried to laugh," but it was of no avail:

"The whole thing seemed pretty dismal to Mr. Nathan, and that is an end to it.

"I am given to understand that such farces as 'Turkey Time' and the several antecedent presentations at the same theater are, and have been, hugely popular with London show-shoppers.

"Well, 'Abie's Irish Rose' ran for four or five years without a let-up in New York. You never can tell about such things, whatever the country.

"So far as I know, 'Topaze' is still running in Paris after two or three years or, if it isn't, it is probably simply because the actors have grown too old for their parts and their children have distaste for the stage.

"Every now and again something—theoretically very humorous—pops up somewhere in a theater of this or that country and persists in amusing the public despite the indignant protestations of the critics, both native and guest.

"There is nothing any one can do about it, as in the case of Mr. Hoover's collars and trigeminal neuralgia.

"It is possible that my London critical colleagues discover in such things as 'Turkey Time' the source of much hilarity. I do not know, as I happened to be in Pilsen drinking the waters when their reviews were printed.

"If they do, I fear they may be proportionately dejected when they come to America and I take them to see something like the clowning of, say, Mr. Jimmy Durante and his troupe.

"Jimmy seems to me to be a very funny fellow, but his humor may be as dully American to my visiting friends as Tom Walls's English humor out of Ben Travers here seems to me.

"Humor, as I have suggested, and as every one already knows, is, after all, very often as peculiarly a thing of its own country as garters, *cabinets particuliers*, politicians, and cheeses.

"Once in a great while, something like 'Charley's Aunt' sweeps successfully up and down the map, but more frequently the laughter of a single nation is bounded—at least in the theater—by its frontiers.

"And so it is with many stage comedians.

"A comedian who, in the American theatrical argot, knocks them cold in New York will often seem as melancholy as a steamboat whistle at night to Londoners, vide Bobby Clark. And a comedian who, like Mr. Walls, is enormously prosperous in London, would in all probability not evoke a titter in New York.

"It is too bad. The League of Nations should look into the matter."

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A Shot Heard Round the Country

"THIS IS THE WAY they did it in the picture, Winslow." As he finished the words, William Harold Gamble, sixteen, pulled the trigger of his revolver, and Winslow Elliott, twelve, slumped over with a bullet through his temple. Around him were the familiar gauds of gangdom—all set for the drama which was to end in tragedy.

The little mock hero died a short time later in a hospital, William was held for manslaughter, and one more count was laid against gangster films.

All Montclair rang with the news of the fatal shooting, and a wave of indignation that resulted in a stern demand for suppression of gangster films swept through other New Jersey towns. It was, too, the cue for the press to harp again on the type of pictures which are said to pervert the mind of youth.

It must be stated in fairness, however, that some of the press divide the blame among the mail-order house from which William bought the revolver, the police for not having confiscated it when they arrested him on a previous occasion, and his parents for not discovering that he still had it.

The scene of the tragedy, as described in the New York *Times*, was laid in an imitation barroom.

The older boy and a playmate had attended a motion-picture theater showing "The Secret Six." Afterward they went to the Elliott boy's home, where they found him in his den.

One section of the small wooden shack, constructed as a "secret" meeting-room, was decorated as a Western barroom. Winslow, wearing an apron and a "ten-gallon" hat, was seated behind the "bar," on which were three glasses filled with some colored liquid. In the rear of the room was a sign: "Get your drinks here. Gin, Beer, Rye, Ale." Directly behind where the Elliott boy sat when he was shot was a sign: "X marks the spot." Another sign read: "We are Prohibitionists; like hell we are." Several jugs and bottles completed the scene.

AFTER Gamble and the third boy had congratulated Winslow on the ingenuity of the decorations, we read, they began describing and enacting the gangster film they had seen, and the dreadful accident resulted. William said afterward that he thought the safety catch of the revolver was on.

Officials and citizens throughout New Jersey revolted at this waste of human life, and anger gave way to action against motion-pictures displaying gangsters who live by gun and gin.

After witnessing the film which, allegedly, inspired the shooting, Mayor Charles G. Phillips is quoted by the Montclair *Times* as saying that it was "possible that the boy got the idea for shooting from seeing it. It was full of shooting." He promised action to "prevent gangster films entirely, or to prohibit the theaters from permitting spectators under eighteen to see them."

Representatives of more than a dozen Montclair civic associations, including the Lions, Rotary, and Kiwanis Clubs, several parent-teacher associations, Eagle Rock Chapter, D. A. R.; Montclair High School Alumni Association, Knights of Columbus, Columbus Club, and Catholic Daughters of America, met to protest against the showing of crime films. A larger meeting is to be held in the fall.

"THIS tells the whole story," said Mrs. Charles W. Evans, chairman of the women's division of the Chamber of Commerce and Civics of the Oranges and Maplewood. "It is," she said, as the New York *Times* quotes her, "exactly because of such things that we are working against gangster pictures." "We are convinced that something should be done immediately to blot out the showing of such pictures to minors," said Dr. H. R. Gelhaar, of the Lions Club, whose wife had been struck by a stray bullet from a gun in the hands of a boy.

Feeling was still running high when Jules Lorent, district manager of Warner Brothers, which controls two of the three motion-picture houses in Montclair, announced that no more gangster pictures would be shown at either house for the remainder of the year.

"The cycle of gangster pictures is just ending," he said, according to a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*. "There are no gangster pictures in production by Warner Brothers, and there is none under contemplation."

But a one-town clean-up and a one-man reform, as it were, will not be enough. Bad pictures must be boycotted generally, advise Mrs. Clara Savage Littledale and George J. Hecht, editor and publisher, respectively, of *The Parents' Magazine*. Recalling that the code of ethics announced for his organization by Will H. Hays on May 31, 1930, "promised that the use of firearms should be restricted to essentials, methods of crime should not be explicitly presented, and brutal killings are not to be presented in detail," the two advocates say that protest to Mr. Hays will do no good. As their statement is quoted in the Montclair *Times*, they assert and urge:

"Similar protests have been made numerous times before by organizations in other communities.

"The only way to get rid of gangster films is for parents to boycott them. Parents should not allow their children to see such films. And they should stay away from them themselves, because this will cause the production and exhibition of such films to be unprofitable both to the motion-picture producers and the exhibiting theaters.

"Only by such drastic methods can the present intolerable situation be remedied."

IT will be recalled by our readers that, as told in these pages May 30, Frank Mason, president of the International News Service, has issued instructions to all writers and correspondents for that service to describe gangsters, crooks, and gunmen, not as chivalrous Robin Hoods, but as the cheap, cowardly

Understudy

By Anne Sutherland

IN a pool of candlelight,
God, by His stars at night,
Or in the golden flame of noon,
Or bowed by His grave moon,
Make poems out of shining things,
Deep water, wet leaves, wings—

All of God's things are mine to use,
The tender purple bruise
A hill makes, leaning on the sky,
The dark owl's stricken cry,
And all the brittle, foolish pain
Of crickets wanting rain.

But He, with shadow, scent and vine,
Shames any work of mine;
His frond of fern is mystery
So terrible to me
I tremble, being deaf and blind,
To touch it with my mind.

Oh God forgive my tongue that mars
His lilies and His stars,
And God forgive my strange conceit
To make His rain more sweet,
Oh pitifully bless the pen
That copies His. Amen.

—*The New Outlook, Toronto.*

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criminals they are. Pursuing the same idea, the Newark *Evening News* says that parents "will agree that there is nothing uplifting or stimulating to higher thought in picturization of the activities of racketeers, hold-ups, killings, putting on the spot, rides, and other activities of gangdom. And this despite that virtue inevitably prevails in the end and the way of the enemy of society usually leads to the death house." To this New Jersey paper:

"Influence of the crime picture is not simply in the demoralizing effect of seeing crime as it is committed.

"It is more subtle than that.

"There is a glamour about the perilous occupation of the lawbreaker, or there would be none of the palpitating qualities about the picture which are supposed, usually correctly, to give it its drawing power.

"Deeds of the underworld gentry are as deplorable as the most devoted reformer depicts them. No sane and upright person could desire otherwise than that the racketeers and their ilk tread the hard path of the transgressor.

"But it would be vain to deny that a sort of sneaking sympathy for the underdog, when thrilling contests between the law and the lawless are depicted on the screen, finds lodging where it should not.

"Since the deeds of the James boys dazzled the youth of another generation, it has been that way. However commendable, there is little in the picture activities of the arms of the law to get highly excited about.

"The criminals, on the other hand, are the underdogs, fighting with wits and gats against the organized forces of government.

"There isn't much to commend gangdom pictures. There would be less if the gangsters were portrayed, correctly, as the skulking, cheap, drab individuals they are."

Drop This Needless Ballast—Before It's Too Late

—Eltinges in "The Christian Science Monitor."

As bearing on the point made by *The Evening News*, it may be noted here that in a recent showing of a gangster picture in a Long Island city a crowd of happy-faced children screamed with delight every time a gangster shot a policeman.

A protest by Mayor Charles H. Martens of East Orange is answered by an executive of Mr. Hays's staff with the statement that the screen does seek to "debunk the gangster so far as heroism and glory are concerned. . . . A divergence of public opinion concerning these films is offset by unanimous scientific judgment which accepts these pictures as crime deterrents."

The problem, writes the spokesman, "is not the gangster picture but the gangster. He should not be aided by soft pedaling."

But it is the mail-order house that is the real slayer of the Elliott boy, asserts the Montclair *Times*. The system that made it possible for Gamble to possess a gun, holds *The Times*, transcends in importance the gangster film and the question of neglect of duty on the part of either the parents or the police, and *The Times* says of the boy:

"He is the victim of a vicious condition that exists paradoxically in defiance of the law and yet within the law. Not Harold Gamble! Not the gangster film! Not the police or the parents who were derelict in their responsibility!

"No, none of these. But the mail-order house which sold this gun to Gamble! There was the real slayer of Winslow Elliott!"

Must We Always Have War?

WAR IS NATURE'S PRUNING-HOOK to keep her human orchard healthy, says Sir Arthur Keith, famous British scientist.

Man's dream of permanent peace will never rise above the architecture of dust.

Such a peace, holds Sir Arthur, would be a denial of nature's plan and purpose. As football teams are distinguished by their colors, so, he maintains, has nature clothed her teams in liveries of living flesh and endowed their hearts with the spirit of antagonism in order to insure perpetual competition. Only so can the fittest survive.

But before Sir Arthur one has said: "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more."

And we may be reminded of what, according to Herodotus, Crœsus said to Cyrus, in explaining why he went to war: "The oracle told me to go to war. No man in his senses would voluntarily do so; for, while in peace the sons bury their fathers, in war the fathers bury their sons." Let the cemeteries in France be witness. If war is nature's pruning-hook, then she trims off the best and strongest limbs in the human orchard.

SIR ARTHUR'S despairing prophecy was wrung from him in his rectorial address at the University of Aberdeen. His study of man's history, he said, as the Manchester *Guardian* quotes him, convinces him that human prejudices must have a place assigned to them. Through rivalries and prejudices evolution works, and he sees proof of his statement in the unrest which pervades the world to-day. If all mankind is to sleep under a common tribal blanket, he holds, "black, brown, yellow, and white must give and take in marriage, and distribute in common progeny the inheritance which each has come by in their uphill struggle through the leagues of prehistoric time toward the present."

Head and heart, the British scientist declares, will rise against such a program. He has reckoned the cost: "It means the continuation of nature's old scheme of intertribal rivalries and eternal competition." Sir Arthur's argument is that—

"Without competition mankind can never progress; the price of progress is competition—nay, race prejudice and, what is the same thing, national antagonism have to be purchased not with gold but with life.

"Nature throughout the past has demanded that a people who seek independence as well as peace can obtain these privileges only in one way—by being prepared to sacrifice their blood to secure them.

"Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning; war is her pruning-hook. We can not dispense with her services.

"This harsh and repugnant forecast of man's future is wrung from me. The future of my dreams is a warless world.

"My ominous forecast of man's future is not based solely upon my studies of the prehistoric world, or on my analysis of the inheritance which has come down to us from that world.

"It is supported by what is now happening in every part

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of our globe. There is a movement on foot now which is the reverse of the one which brought the League of Nations into being.

"The leaguist movement seeks for the universal dominance of the good or altruistic side of our tribal nature. Self-determination, on the other hand, encourages the power to hate as well as the power to love. It seeks to resuscitate the tribal heart with all its prejudices; its likes and its dislikes.

"This separatist (self-determinist) movement is stirring the blood of peoples in every part of the world at the present time."

But nature has other pruning-hooks than war—famine, pestilence, flood, *The Guardian* reminds us, "and the fact that these no longer prune so effectively does not make us fall easy victims before peoples who still suffer them." This liberal English paper does not believe progress must be by slaughter.

"If life has been able to adapt itself to this and that environment, is it altogether inconceivable," it asks, "that human beings should at last adapt their attitude of mind, their very nature, to be capable of larger allegiances and less ruinous rivalries than now?" *The Guardian* sets forth:

"Sir Arthur Keith sees the human race as so many football teams whose colors are stained on their skin, and whose allegiance is fixt in fanatic instincts that are part of their nature.

"This may be true, but it is still possible to vary the kind of game. We may be fated always to play against one another, but we need not play with dynamite.

"We might keep our colors and our team spirit without making death an essential feature in our play. 'Prejudice binds and will continue to bind British nationalities together,' said Sir Arthur; bound together so, and if they were faithful to their prejudices, he looked to them to be 'custodians of peace.' British nationalities are to make so strong a team that there will be no other team in their class to play against them.

"The pruning-hook will not prune, because they will filch it from nature. Is it a less fantastic dream than the other?"

A Hospitable Synagog

IT WAS AT THE CONFERENCE CALLED by the Vanderbilt School of Religion that the Presbyterian heard Rabbi Julius Marks discuss the need for better understanding between Jew and Christian.

So, when it came his turn to say something, the Rev. Henry M. Edmonds, minister of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Birmingham, Alabama, recalled that he and his congregation had once been received under a synagog roof and had broken bread with their Jewish brethren. As the Dallas *Morning News* quotes him, he said:

"Fifteen years ago my church and I found ourselves without a building. Rabbi Morris Newfield offered us immediately the hospitality of the magnificent new Temple Emanu-el.

"We accepted and appointed a committee to confer with the Temple Emanu-el house committee as to a practical basis for living together. It was decided that they were to use the auditorium Friday evening and Saturday morning, we Sunday morning and evening.

"The World War delayed our building, and we lived in the same house with our Jewish brethren seven years; and they were as seven days for the love we came to bear one another. . . .

"Our congregations had to separate finally, but we said no Mizpah at good-by: 'The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another' and keep us apart.

"We ate together from time to time, and when we dedicated our church, one of the most valued things that went into it was a pair of seven-branched candlesticks from the congregation of Temple Emanu-el."

There was more to the Presbyterian's address, comments *The News*—"a frank confession of Gentile wrongs committed for two thousand years against the Jewish people. Yielding nothing of his belief in Jesus, he held on to the kindliest brotherhood with the race from which Jesus came. The world is better for such honesty of mind and goodness of heart."

The Passing of the Jazz Age

THE JAZZ AGE WILL SOON BE ONE with the "gray eighties" and the "gay nineties." Lengthened skirts may be the outward and visible sign of a reformed and chastened spirit.

At least so it seems to one who has become "period-conscious," who sees cycles in human behavior as in the material affairs of man. But he disclaims the art of prophecy, and is content to point out the omens of change.

To look back a moment, if many crimes have been committed in the name of liberty, what offenses against heaven have been committed in the name of what the neo-modernists have termed emancipation!

The discarding of manners and morals began about fifteen years ago, when the saxophone assaulted diners, fantastic dances symbolized something more than mere leg freedom, and the night club was substituted for the home.

As people grew interested in "liberation," writes our present observer, James W. Lane, in *The Commonweal*, New York Roman Catholic weekly, "they turned to sex, bolstered with the backing of Freud and Ellis, Huxley and Firbank. Literature on sex, from being innocuous, reached the depths of noxiousness."

"Indeed half of the serious literature and fiction combined had a definite sex-appeal, at least for the sex-minded.

"Then came the radio. It put the popularization of 'modernism'—of high-powered salesmanship, of stampeded personalities, of tooth-pastes, cigars, wrist-watches, and other articles of domestic efficiency and smartness—in the same class as the selling of thousands of copies of books.

"Thus while we became sex-minded we also became money-minded. We had our prosperity, our big fling at self-indulgence.

"Now those who are exhausted as a result want to say good-by to all that."

And there are signs, says Mr. Lane, that the old world herself is going to humor them. "Democratization of the mind and slavery of the body to liberation create their own opposites. Yearning for comparative solitude, mental and physical, respect for the intellect, for religious reality and even mysticism, and a brighter sense of honor come to be regarded as desiderata."

Among the first things of the jazz age to go, we are told, are woman's fashions. Girls are to be girls, not boys. Sunburn and tan cream will disappear from the faces. Hardness of facial contour and of personal manner will presumably go out. Naturalness will have sway.

But what is vastly more consequential in the eyes of this observer is changes in the mind. "The mind lately has been in a vacuum, with all its prerogatives delegated to the body and immediacy of sensation."

But what is going to happen next the writer confesses he doesn't know. He says:

"Chaos is still around us, we may have another war, and Communism may enlarge its dominions, spreading the fever of irreligion everywhere.

"One thing I am sure of, tho: we are all far less jazzy. The effects of the depression may continue that influence indefinitely. The only correct answer in determining the characteristics of the next period needs a conspectus much larger than mine."

It is not an important age that is passing, remarks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. It is an age that has been given over mostly to "experimentation without any standards." And this paper testifies:

"Our women are becoming more feminine, our literature less Freudian, our social behavior more gentlemanly, our science less arrogant, and our religion less subrational.

"The change has come about through little conscious effort.

"Sheer boredom appears to have strangled the progress of jazz enthusiasms.

"And yet there may have been working those elemental human characters which forever kept us near a center, however the pendulum of the times may swing."

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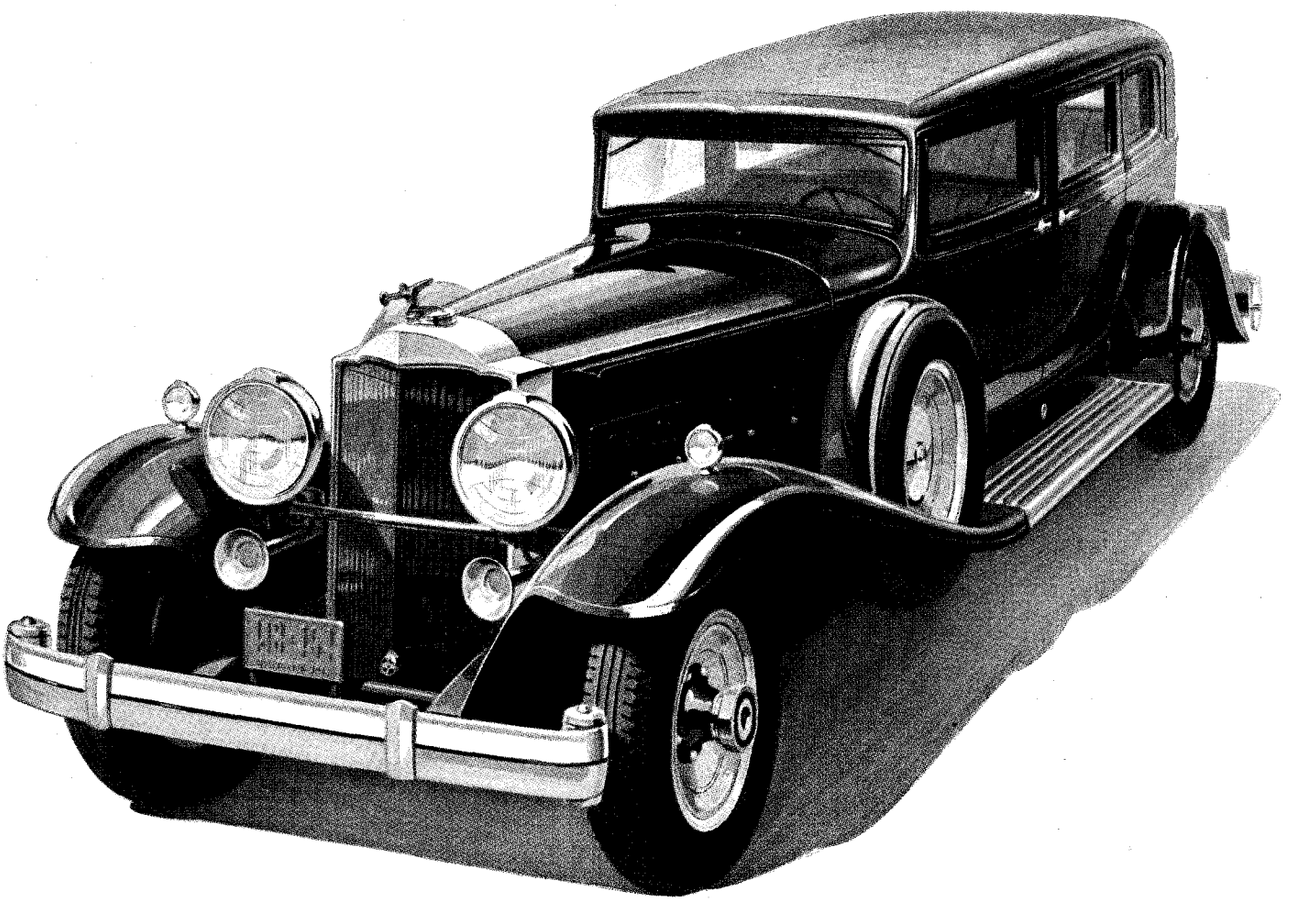

THE newly announced Packard cars are *entirely* new—inside and out, mechanically and artistically. The characteristic beauty of Packard lines and the straight-eight principle of motor design have been retained. Vastly improved even in those two fundamental features, these distinguished cars are *fully* redesigned—an outstanding advance in luxurious transportation. ¶ The new bodies are lower—with lines refined and modernized—interiors newly insulated against sound and temperature. Wheelbases are longer—treads wider. The new motor is far more powerful—quieter and smoother than ever before. The new transmission is Packard-built, four-speed synchro-mesh. The remarkable and exclusive new *Ride Control* permits instant shock absorber adjustment *from the dash*—to compensate for varying numbers of passengers, temperatures and road conditions. The Packard owner alone now enjoys exactly the kind of ride he and his guests desire—a luxury of motor travel that has never before existed. ¶ Only by *driving* and *riding in* the new Packard can you appreciate its performance, its roadability—and above all its new and supreme *comfort.*

Ask the man who owns one

P A C K A R D

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The Delicate Human Machine

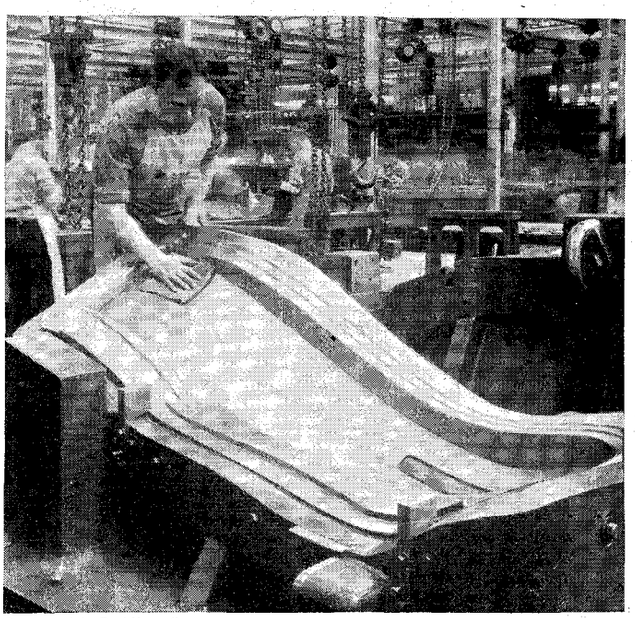
DESPITE THE DELICACY OF OUR FINEST mechanism, it is still surpassed by the human hand.

Fingers are found to be more precise than the best calipers.

The human touch gives the last word, the final test.

A writer in *The Stone and Webster Journal* (Boston) tells how a French visitor found this out in a Ford factory. We read:

"The French are so continually criticizing us for our subserviency to the machine that it is interesting to find a Frenchman who takes a somewhat different point of view. Monsieur Dubreuil is a workingman himself, who has spent his life operating machines, and who is enthusiastic over their labor-saving qualities. Yet he finds that in the last analysis the human hand is the master instrument, and will always remain so. He illustrates the point by describing some operations which he witnessed at a Ford factory.



Courtesy of the Ford Motor Company

What Amazed a French Visitor

The worker lays aside his finest instruments in finishing the surface of the stamping die and "caresses for a long time the delicate curves, and to the sensitive fingers are revealed minute humps imperceptible to the calipers."

"Some stamping dies weighing two or three tons are here first shaped by machine tools. But when at last the die is almost completed by mechanical means, it is given to workers who finish it by hand, first using small electric grinders, and then finer and finer files. The die is submitted to finer and finer measuring, the worker holding his breath in the intensity of his concentration on the perfection of the curve. When every possible instrument has been used for the attainment of this perfection, 'I saw,' he says, 'one of the most extraordinary performances encountered during my stay in American factories.

"'When all the resources of the most delicate measuring instruments had been exhausted, they were put aside as useless in the achievement of ultimate perfection in the die. The worker alone with his hands and the finest files was left to finish the piece—or, as it may aptly be said, to give it the final touch. With his right hand wide open and fingers spread, he caresses for a long time the delicate curves predetermined by the calipers, and to the sensitive touch of his fingers are revealed minute humps imperceptible to the calipers.

"'Whenever he feels any irregularity in the curve, he gives a few light touches with the file until his hand feels only the harmonious continuity of the curves the die is to reproduce in the sheet iron to be stamped. Thus I saw with emotion that in spite of the instruments invented by modern mechanical ingenuity, the human hand had still the last word, belying all the somber predictions recklessly made on the disappearance of the traditional trades and the gradual transformation of the entire working class into automatons.'"

Good Nerves for the Good Life

WOULD YOU LIVE HAPPILY and usefully?

Then cultivate a healthy, normal nervous system. Do not spoil a good one if you have it naturally; endeavor to soothe and make normal a poor one, if that is your misfortune.

In an article published in *Medical Insurance* (Reno, Nev.), Dr. D. L. Kerlin, of Shreveport, Louisiana, explains how one with healthy nerves may ruin them, and how sick nerves may be toned up and made to function.

Writes Dr. Kerlin:

"I am not sure that those with good nervous systems fully realize this fact.

"The lack of understanding of the milder mental and nervous conditions resulting from sick nervous systems has been passed down from generation to generation, and even at this enlightened age the general ignorance concerning the prevention and treatment of such conditions is astonishing.

"Most all of this ignorance can not be placed at the door of the laity, for the medical profession as a whole has been rather backward in diagnosing these conditions and supplying the proper treatment.

"Often people who are badly in need of treatment for some mental or nervous condition are deprived of this help through the lack of understanding of their relatives. Then, too, very often an individual suffering from some neurotic condition, fearing that his condition may be much worse than it actually is, fails to go to a physician for help.

"Another attitude taken by many neurotic people is that nervousness is a weakness of character, and they suffer in silence. This attitude often leads to serious mental and nervous conditions, for the factors which originally produced the nervousness often have gained a sure foothold, whereas, if counteracted early, little damage would have been done."

THE functional unit of the nervous system, Dr. Kerlin reminds us, is the neurone, or nerve cell, millions of which are supported in a network of tissue, that can become sick just as the lung tissue, the liver tissue, or any other tissue of the body when there is sufficient cause. He goes on:

"One may inherit weakened nervous tissue through the effects of alcohol, syphilis, tuberculosis, consanguinity, infections, toxins, and psychic trauma upon the nerve cells of immediate ancestors. In the same way these conditions can damage one's nervous tissue during life, and various forms of nervous and mental disturbance are the result.

"There is always a cause for nervousness, whether it be the conditions enumerated above, gradually damaging the nerve cells, or harmful environmental factors producing markedly exaggerated emotions: fear, anger, pain, jealousy, sorrow, resentment, and emotion of a sexual nature which in turn brings about damage to the nervous tissue. This damage, no doubt, is due to insufficient nourishment of the nerve cells as a result of the effect of the emotions upon the sympathetic nervous system and the resulting effect upon the secretions.

"There is a physical basis for all nervousness, and that basis consists of minute changes in the structure of the nerve cells. The extent of the physical change is in direct proportion to the severity of the cause, whether it be emotional or otherwise.

"Often patients come into my hands with nervous systems physiologically exhausted. The reserve energy of the nerve cells has long been used up. The more their reserve energy is exhausted, the more nervous and restless they become, and exaggerated mental and physical activity is the result. This condition in turn brings about a more profound state of exhaustion."

A WEAKENED nervous system, through any of these causes, makes it difficult, Dr. Kerlin tells us, to adjust oneself to a complex environment. A large part of the misery and unhappiness in many individuals' lives is due to the constant fight to make life's adjustments with poor nervous systems. Most cases of suicide, if not all of them, are simply failures of adjustment. The doctor proceeds:

"Unless the physician is continually on the lookout, neurotic disturbances are often not diagnosed as such, for they may simulate organic disease of any organ in the body. The heart-

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beat may be very rapid or very slow, respiration may be inhibited, thus giving rise to a sensation of smothering, constipation or diarrhea with flatulence and resulting pain may simulate intestinal disease; loss in weight with low blood-pressure and a feeling of exhaustion with night sweats may simulate tuberculosis; vasomotor instability with resulting constriction of the capillaries over the surface of the body may produce rigors, and thus simulate malaria.

"Now it is in order to consider some of the measures which insure one a good nervous system. If through any one or more of the various hereditary factors one inherits a weakened nervous tissue, and the damage is not extreme, much can be done to counteract this by favorable environmental influences. If one is fortunate in having as a heritage a sound nervous system, he still may undermine it by continued abuse over a sufficient length of time.

"A rest period every day for at least two hours is absolutely necessary for people who are neurotically disposed. Individuals of a nervous temperament burn nervous energy excessively, and as a rule their reserve supply is exhausted before the day is over. Nicotin and caffein whether in tea, coffee, or soda-fountain drinks, are all powerful stimulants to the sympathetic nervous system, and should be carefully regulated.

"Finally, the cultivation of cheerfulness, the determination to face facts as they arise, and to form the habit early in life of maintaining outside interests and contacts are very necessary factors in preventing mental disturbances.

"If I were asked what factor I considered most important for a happy and useful life, I would say unhesitatingly, a good nervous system."

Too Many Fat People

FATNESS IN PERSONS OVER thirty-five is now generally considered risky, if not positively dangerous, says the writer of an editorial article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago).

Fat in itself is not objectionable so much as the fact that it predisposes to various diseases, such as diabetes.

Says the *Journal* writer:

"Wide-spread interest in the manifestations of overweight, or obesity, in man belongs to comparatively modern times.

"A distinguished German clinician, the late Professor Ebstein, once grouped fat persons into three categories: those who inspire envy, those who occasion laughter, and those who call forth sympathy. An American colleague has added that fashions in this country are such to-day that the first group no longer exists. There have, of course, always been instances in which discomforts of undue bodily size awakened concern on the part of the obese and promoted measures for suitable relief.

"A more serious attitude has been developed in recent years by the publication of statistics gathered by life-insurance actuaries indicating an apparent penalty for overweight."

THE experience of life-insurance companies, we are reminded, shows that weight, especially in relation to age, is an important factor in longevity:

"Of course, due regard must be had to the framework and general physical structure of the individual—to his natural 'build.'

"The lowest mortality is found among those who average, as a group, a few pounds over the average weight before age thirty-five and a few pounds under the average weight after age thirty-five. That is, after the age of thirty-five overweight is associated with an increasingly high death-rate, and at middle life it becomes a real menace to health, either by reason of its mere presence as a physical handicap or because of the faulty living habits that are often responsible for its development.

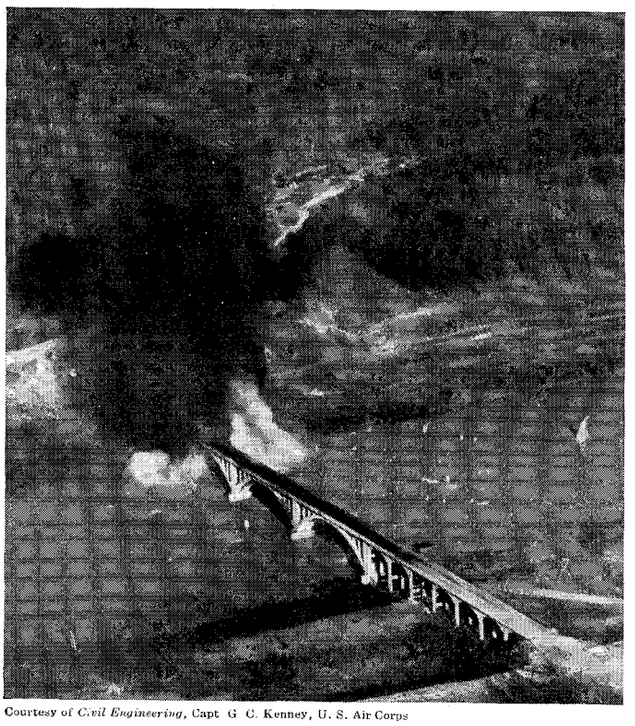
"The apparent relation of diabetes to obesity is another feature that has brought overweight within the realm of thought of many persons. In the presence of wasting disease or of undernutrition, diabetes is practically unknown.

"Persons who habitually overeat are especially prone to diabetes. Joslin, among many others, has been particularly insistent for many years that diabetes is largely a penalty of obesity. The warning has been broadcast widely. It seems to be substantiated by much statistical evidence.

"A further and, perhaps, more momentous inroad on national overweight is due to the fact that among women, at least, it is to-day stylish to be thin. This is in contrast to the days when 'high nutrition' was supposed to represent bodily fitness.

"The attempt to relegate obesity into the category of specific disease is now meeting with little favor. The storage of fat appears to be primarily a feature of metabolic bookkeeping—an indication of the favorable balance between energy intake and the actual requirement of food fuel. There are, doubtless, instances of physiologic anomalies or pathologic processes leading, as in some endocrine disorders, toward obesity. These are certainly in the small minority. As Taylor recently pointed out, the body weight at any time after childhood (excluding disease) represents the balance of three factors: the amount of food ingested, the amount of body heat lost by radiation, and the amount of muscular work (and exercise) done.

"Living conditions of the present day have been conducive to the reduction of muscular work and exposure. Appetite has not declined accordingly; nor has the ready availability of food in a day of higher standards of living. The outcome is one that must be faced frankly."



Courtesy of *Civil Engineering*, Capt G C. Kenney, U. S. Air Corps

A Direct Hit by a Half-ton Bomb

Bombing a Concrete Bridge

AND NOT IN THE WAR EITHER. A perfectly good North Carolina bridge, in the piping times of peace, was smashed up with bombs by the State Highway Commission and the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads.

And no one did anything about it. The reason was that the bridge was to be submerged by water backed up from a new dam, and it was thought that blowing up was a more heroic end than drowning.

Besides, quite a bit of information about bomb-attacks on bridges resulted, says Capt. George C. Kenney, U. S. Air Corps, in *Civil Engineering* (New York, June), organ of the American Society of Civil Engineers:

"A unique opportunity was presented to make tests of destruction on a modern reenforced concrete arch bridge. Due to changes in the hydraulic use of the Yadkin River, North Carolina, also called the Pee Dee River, the bridge here illustrated was to be inundated in the reservoir formed in the development of the river. A new higher level bridge replaced the structure.

"This unprecedented opportunity for large-scale tests was eagerly seized by engineers. Experimental work proceeded under the joint auspices of the North Carolina Highway Commission and the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads.

"After experimental tests had been concluded, the Air Corps was assigned one-third of the bridge as a target, and the remainder was to be destroyed by artillery fire and by statically exploded charges of high explosive. Most of the damage was done by three 1,100-pound bombs which destroyed four approach spans and displaced a river pier sufficiently to tear the deck loose. This illustrates a typical line-of-communication target for the Air Corps."

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The Child's Optical Memory

THE EXTENT TO WHICH A CHILD'S MEMORY is purely optical has been made clear through the researches of Dr. Felix Mayer, Berlin psychologist and school physician, and set forth in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* by Dr. Rolf Reissmann.

If we bring before the mind's eye a coin or banknote or stamp we have a general impression of it which we have retained in memory.

Yet we are in no position to recall details of the design, or even of the shape and position of all the letters, and to bring these back in the form of a remembered picture. It would seem as if the thing recalled amounted at times to a purely imaginary impression.

It is quite otherwise if we happen to have studied the note or stamp for some little while and then gaze upon a pure white or gray background. Then a more or less clear "after image" shapes itself in well-defined colors. In outline this image gives all the detail of the thing we saw. Says the paper named above:

"Modern psychology has now established the remarkable fact that in the case of no small number of people these 'after images' may be recalled not only immediately after the act of vision but even after a considerable interval.

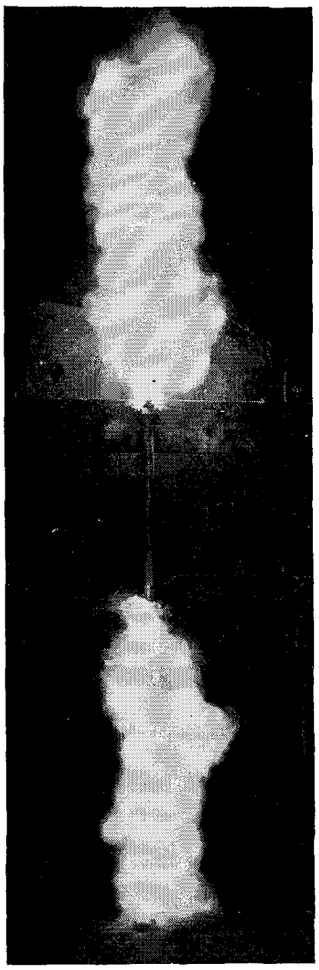
"As soon as the person concerned shuts his eyes or stares at a gray surface the thing previously beheld presents itself once more in all its original clarity.

"These 'after images' appear so real that he who looks at them is almost forced to deem them realities of the external world. Indeed, he is prompted to marvel sometimes that others do not perceive them. At the same time he does remain fully persuaded that he alone sees these things.

"Very often these images form themselves in a trice, and again they may appear only gradually. First of all, but a corner of the design emerges and then the other corner until at last the whole is visible in complete detail.

"Sometimes this reappearance will be so adequate that details not seen at the original view become clearer in the 'after image.'

"For example, a street scene, not at first fully noticed by the beholder, emerges in the remembered image with street name and house numbers. He can then actually see the number of a street-car which he had not specially noticed when first the image was within his field of real vision."



Kills a Thunderbolt

PROFESSOR JAENSCH, of Marburg, who has investigated such phenomena in a systematic way, refers to people thus gifted with a capacity to reproduce in the mind's eye or memory the things they have first seen in fact. He deems their gift unusual, and he calls them 'eidetics," or "form-seers." The Professor does not draw an inference that people of this sort are necessarily superior to those who lack the gift. Nevertheless, some individuals of a highly gifted temperament—notably Goethe—were eidetic. He writes:

"The proportion of eidetics among grown people is not great.

"All the more amazing seems the fact, established by Dr. Mayer's researches, that among children the proportion of such individuals is incomparably greater.

"Boys between nine and twelve and girls between ten and thirteen contained the largest proportion of eidetics. One child out of every four in this class had 'after pictures' in the mind's eye.

"Another odd circumstance is that this endowment is rather strictly limited to the years mentioned.

"Up to the eighth or ninth year and from the thirteenth or fourteenth year onward, the proportion is practically none.

"The experiments made with the school children were so conducted that when for a brief interval (fifteen to twenty seconds) they were made to gaze at pictures rich in figures they turned and gazed at a gray wall screen.

"If an eidetic picture developed—as happened often after ten minutes—the child was retained for further observation.

"The little one was asked to set forth details of the 'after picture.'

"It was called upon to mention trivial details which could not possibly be reproduced with the aid of the imagination alone.

"From the sort of feeling inspired in the child, from its vocabulary, from even its acts of mimicry and its movements, it became manifest that a true pictorial image was in the field of vision afforded by the wall screen.

"The child evidently detected in the after picture new and surprizing details of the original image.

"For example, a child saw on the after picture of an inn such words as '—ton café,' which at first the little one did not comprehend.

"Only gradually, as the picture on the screen grew more clarified, could the letters of the sign be made out backward one by one. Nor did the child understand the meaning of the inscription.

"This afforded striking evidence of the fact that the child's imagination was not at work in this case.

"Many children, after days and days had elapsed since they saw the original, retained it so firmly in memory that it could be reproduced to their mind's eye in all its detail.

"These developments enable us to understand many facts in child life, such as 'day dreams' as yet unintelligible."

A New Foe of Lightning

PITTSBURGH ENGINEERS recently shot enough electricity through an experimental lightning-rod to lift the Woolworth Building off its feet.

The giant "spark plug" at the new Westinghouse high-power laboratory blazed into action for the first time as over 132 million volt-amperes leapt across the terminals to the lightning-rod on test.

There was a burst of flame from each end of the rod and a report like a six-inch cannon as the experimental lightning-rod "knocked out" the terrific lightning bolt in less than 1-500 of a second. J. J. Torok, inventor of the rod, is thus quoted in a Westinghouse *News Bulletin:*

"The results of the tests are so promising that we are working night and day to finish its development. We hope it will effect greater economies in present forms of flashover protective devices now in service to protect insulator strings on overhead transmission lines which supply cities with light and power. In addition, it is expected to provide permanent protection against the ravages of lightning and save the country millions of dollars a year.

"Now, after a lightning stroke, protective devices of the fuse type must be replaced. This requires constant patrolling of the lines. Because of the limitations of a single line, duplicate lines must be constructed. The new lightning-rod does away with this expense."

THE construction of the device is simple, we are told. It consists of a hollow tube about the size of a lady's umbrella. A piece of metal at each end serves as an electrode to entice the lightning inside for the "knock-out" blow. It is supposed to work so fast that the lights in a house will not even flicker. The bulletin concludes:

"This device, technically known as a 'De-Ion' lightning protector, is used to protect insulator strings on transmission lines against flashover. Engineers have estimated that if the Torok lightning-rod is successful and had been available ten years ago, the world would have saved a hundred million dollars."

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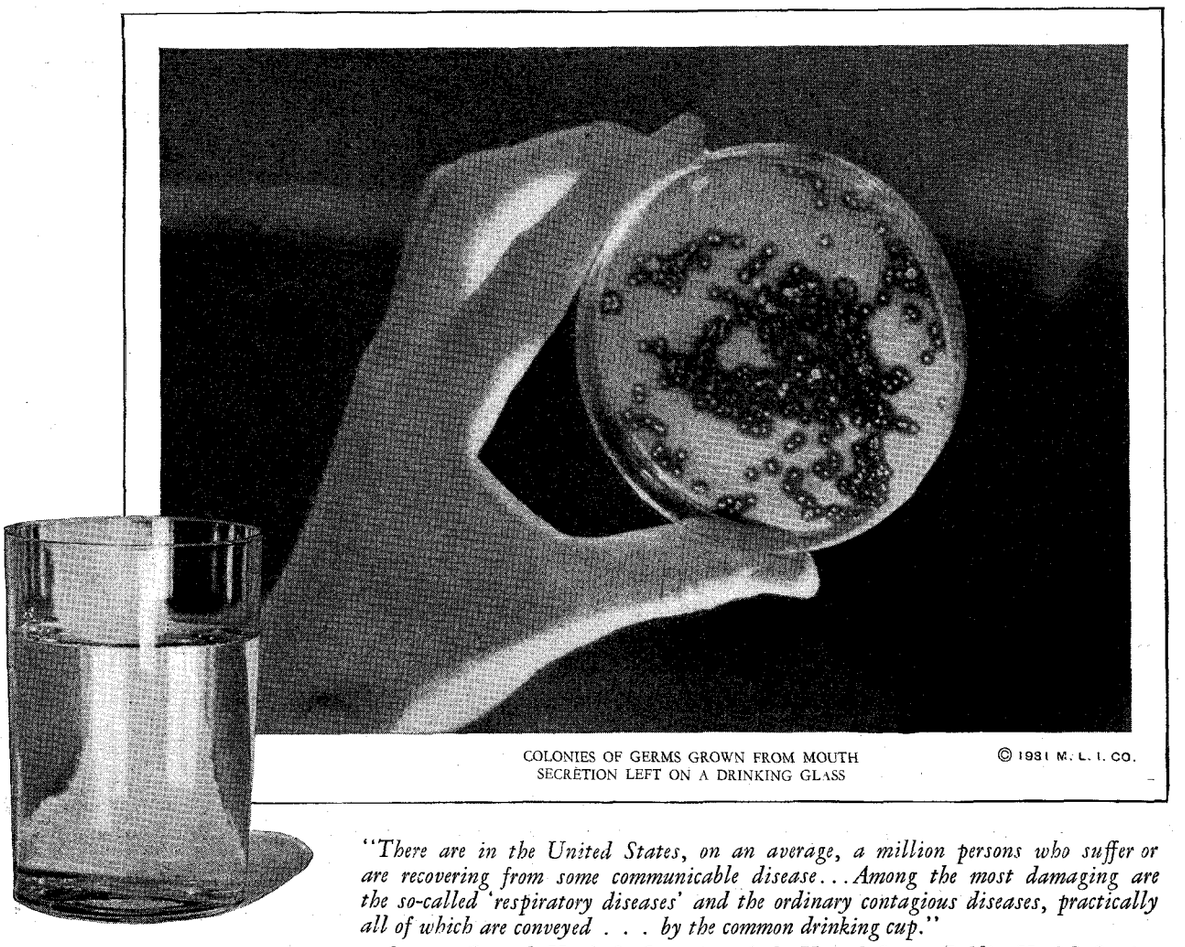
On the Rim of a Glass



COLONIES OF GERMS GROWN FROM MOUTH SECRETION LEFT ON A DRINKING GLASS

© 1931 M. L. I. CO.

"There are in the United States, on an average, a million persons who suffer or are recovering from some communicable disease... Among the most damaging are the so-called 'respiratory diseases' and the ordinary contagious diseases, practically all of which are conveyed . . . by the common drinking cup."

—Surgeon-General Hugh S. Cumming of the United States Public Health Service.

ALL BUT two States in the Union have passed laws forbidding the use of a common drinking cup or glass in public places—meaning a cup or a glass which has not been thoroughly washed or cleansed after one person has used it and before another drinks from it.

Each of these States has gone on record warning against germ infection which may follow the use of an unclean glass or spoon or other drinking or eating utensil. Scientists have proved beyond contradiction that it is highly unsafe to use a glass which was not thoroughly sterilized after being used by someone having a communicable disease.

Disease may be spread not only by common drinking glasses, but also by towels, nail brushes, combs and hair-brushes that have been used by other persons. Coins and paper money are also known to be germ carriers, as are improperly washed knives, forks and dishes.

The common drinking-cup or glass has been banished forever from most public places and properly conducted businesses. But there are still all too many soda fountains, wayside soft drink stands, carelessly run restaurants, hotels and private homes where scrupulous cleanliness is not observed.

Perhaps it is because germs are invisible to eyes unaided by powerful microscopes that their presence is usually unsuspected. Thousands of them can lodge on a spot no bigger than a pin-head, while millions of them can be found on the rim of a glass which has been in public use without complete cleansing.

Like nearly all great forward movements for better protection and consequent better public health, the movement to outlaw the common drinking cup depends on complete public support and universal personal cooperation.

Never drink from an unwashed glass.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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As an Artist Sees the Wheel That May Become the Aerial Hub of London

Roof-Top Airports to Bring Planes to Your Door

TAKE THE ELEVATOR AND GO UP. Take the airplane and go up some more.

In fewer words—the mid-city roof-top landing field. Is it almost here?

And, if it is, will it solve one of aviation's big problems—how to get an air-minded public into the air?

That's no easy assignment, with air-fields now, in many cases, out in the country, and to be reached only after a sometimes long and tiresome trip.

London is discussing a definitely worked-out plan for a $25,000,000 wheel-shaped landing field, a half-mile in diameter, to be constructed on the tops of buildings in one of the most thickly settled parts of the city. The illustration on this page tells the story of this roof-top Croydon.

And our own Capt. Frank M. Hawks is back from his record-breaking tour of Europe, "bulging," says the Associated Press, "with an idea for an elevated airport in New York City.

"While abroad, he studied the airports of twelve countries, and he said New York could beat them all by roofing in the three-mile stretch of docks in the Hudson River."

"I don't see why it isn't perfectly feasible," he said, the account continues. "It would give plenty of runway for the biggest ships, and if it was done, when you flew to New York you'd land right in New York and not in New Jersey or out on Long Island."

IN an interview with Sherman B. Altick in the New York *Sun*, the Captain offered a variant of his plan.

"I think that New York could cover the docks along the North River to provide a beautiful port for shuttle planes," he said, according to this report. "Shuttle planes could operate from the covered runway and serve the airports, and the public would find a big saving in time through air travel."

The far-sighted leaders of the air-transport business have long puzzled over the problem presented by the pilgrimage the prospective air passenger has to make from city to airport. That it is a troublesome pilgrimage—at least as compared with the accessibility of the railroad station—seems to be conceded by all.

City planners and airport designers, too, recognize the need of placing air terminals and way stations in more central locations. Some time ago THE DIGEST published descriptions of some plans looking toward this end—plans for bowl-like cities of the future. The designers had taken a leaf from the books of H. G. Wells and other forecasters of human customs and living conditions, and had placed landing fields in the centers of their cities. Low buildings ringed the fields, and higher ones were on the outskirts.

Such plans, however, seem to call for new cities. Captain Hawks and the British financiers and engineers behind the plan for London's aerial King's Cross (so called from the present railroad station in that vicinity) suggest ways and means for using our present cities for such purposes without extensive rebuilding save in the immediate vicinity.

THE London plan, of course, calls for much more than a mere landing field. It provides for the unifying of airplane, bus, railroad, and other services. In the thirty-six buildings which would serve as the pillars supporting the system of airplane runways, would be ample space—acres upon acres—for storage and factories and markets.

According to Charles W. Glover, of the firm of engineers and architects who have planned this project, describing it in *The Illustrated London News*, the wheel-shaped landing field would include 126 acres of unobstructed landing space.

There are four runways, intersecting at the center to make eight spokes for the giant wheel. Each one of the four is half a mile long and 200 feet wide. Large enough, says Mr. Glover, for any need. The number and arrangement of these "spokes" would permit landing and taking off in any wind direction. The outer ring of the wheel serves as a convenient road from one taking-off point to another. Hangar space would be provided

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DO YOU SMOKE MORE WHEN "OFF" YOUR GAME?

There's Cleaner Taste in Cooler Smoke!

When certain mental hazards take your mind off your game . . . doesn't this accelerate your cigarettes? That's a perfect time for a perfect Spud experience! No matter how long or how concentrated your smoking session . . . you'll discover how Spuds always keep your mouth moist-cool and *comfortably clean.* Whoever you are, novice smoker or 3-pack-a-day smoker, Spud keeps you mouth-happy! That's why Spud's cooler, cleaner full tobacco fragrance is sweeping the country . . . the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED

CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U. S.)... 20 FOR 30c (CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY

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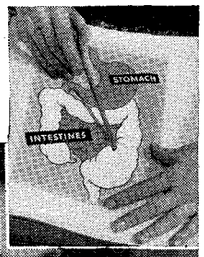
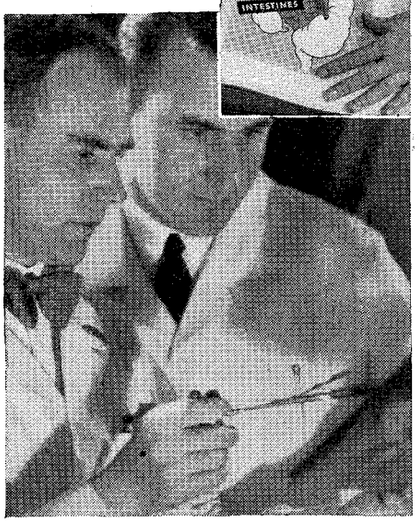
"For this trouble I prescribe fresh Yeast"
—DR. LUETHOLD

Intestinal Fatigue is serious! Poisons from clogged intestines lead to headaches, indigestion, etc. Yeast keeps intestines clean.





Dr. Walter Luethold (at left), of Zurich

"I PRESCRIBE FRESH YEAST for constipation because its laxative action is thorough but gentle . . . It cleanses the intestinal tract . . . tones up the gastric mucous membrane. Cases of a generally run-down condition show improvement in a very short time."

Those are the words of the brilliant Dr. Walter Luethold, head of the Theodosianum Hospital for Internal Diseases in Zurich, Switzerland. He adds:

"No one—physician or layman—can today entertain any doubt as to the beneficial effect of fresh yeast on the whole human system."

If you're troubled with constipation or that "run-down feeling," why not try Fleischmann's Yeast yourself? It will soften accumulated body wastes and actually strengthen the sluggish bowel muscles. Just eat three cakes daily . . . directions are on the label.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains and each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. Start eating it today!

"I WAS run-down," *writes* O. K. Haueter *of Denver,* "— and often was unable to digest my food . . . Someone suggested trying yeast. I ate it regularly and today I am well.

Eat 3 cakes a day —regularly!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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in the upper parts of the supporting buildings under the circumferential runway.

More details of the plan, and the seriousness with which it is regarded, we learn from this account in the London *Star:*

A City syndicate is shortly to be floated, to raise £5,000,000 to build this central air and rail terminus in the center of London—on the site now occupied by extensive railway sidings outside King's Cross and St. Pancras stations.

The scheme is the most ambitious ever attempted to link up London's various means of transport—air, rail, road, and water—into a great combined traffic terminus.

The committee already appointed to bring the scheme into being includes Sir Walter Peacock, a former treasurer to the Prince of Wales; Mr. W. Orr Workman, of Workman, Clark and Co., shipbuilders; Mr. Rodney Hannen, of Holland and Hannen and Cubitts, contractors and engineers; Mr. W. Craven Elis, and Mr. C. W. Glover.

The promoters claim that by sectionalizing the work, each successive development could be made revenue earning and economically self-supporting; and when fully established the central airport would show a revenue of £375,000, or 7½ per cent. on the total capital involved.

The development scheme first proposes the replanning of the freight yards at King's Cross and St. Pancras, and the construction of large multistory warehouses, arranged in a circular pattern so as to be suitable for the support of overhead concrete runways for airplanes.

These buildings, as well as acting as supports for the overhead airdrome, would provide seventy-five acres of floor space suitable for factory accommodation and cold stores for perishable goods.

THE scheme also includes "the provision of a long-distance coach-terminal station and garage, a public restaurant, rest rooms, information bureau, and administration offices for the Air Ministry, Customs, and for the various air-lines," the writer in *The Star* says as he quotes Mr. Glover thus:

We realize that there are many difficulties in the way of such an ambitious scheme, but difficulties were made to be surmounted. We hope to complete all the preliminary spadework this year, and by next spring the first stage of development could be tackled.

The scheme could be completed in two years, but the whole development plan is more likely to take three years.

Our plans provide for the removal of Croydon airdrome to this central London site, for, excellent as Croydon is as an airdrome, it is inconveniently situated for the distribution of passengers, mails, and goods to central London.

It adds forty minutes to the Continental air routes, and double handling of mails and goods is necessitated by the use of this station.

As well as transporting Croydon airdrome to central London, we have planned for the removal of Covent Garden Market to our new center.

The advantages of this from the transport point of view are obvious. By the clearance of some slum property, which will be replaced by tenement buildings, flats, and shops, there will be oceans of room for carrying out all our plans and making this new air and transport center one of the finest sights in the world.

And Now Gliders Conquer the Challenging Channel

ONCE the machine lurched. The tail quivered, and the amateur glider from Canada, who had taken up the sport in his fifties, "experienced that strange suffocating chill that takes your breath, strikes the heart, and takes the strength from your limbs—fear of death."

But along with terror, Lissant Beardmore felt "a great bubbling, singing feeling of joy and exultation." He was "almost there," he writes in the London *Daily Express,* almost down on the soil of France and "close to being the first man in the world to glide across the English Channel."

And presently he was down and claimed the honor. But his title to primacy, as we shall see, is disputed for what seem to be official and technical reasons.

But whether or not Mr. Beardmore was the first, officially or otherwise, to glide across the Channel, he was by no means the last. For crossing the Channel in motorless planes seems to be the sport of the hour in the "tight little isle." A competition, sponsored by the London *Daily Mail,* was conducted just after Mr. Beardmore's feat. In this contest a man glided from France to England, and from England back to France, in one day, winning a prize of £1,000. This was the German, Robert Kronfeld.

The Channel "is an enduring challenge to conquerors," comments the London *Times* on this wave of motorless flying. Further:

That unyielding but much vanquished strip of sea has been caught unawares by balloons, by frail canoes, by swimmers of both sexes, and even by water-bicycles, and has suffered the passing indignities of defeat.

When Blériot crossed it with his power-driven flying machine he threatened not only conquest but subjugation. But the news that the Channel had been flown, even once, put it beyond a peradventure that flying had arrived. Since the week-end the Channel is our witness that gliding has arrived.

Latest and worst indignity of all, it has been flown by engineless flying machines that do not even fly, and not once but thrice in two days. The elements of competition, international and other, that have entered into this fine feat only sharpen the edge of achievement.

The science of flying has been well served by experiments that extend its range and security.

The scene was set, in the first place, for Saturday On that day six pilots—four British and two German—had engaged themselves to attempt a double crossing from France to England and back again. It was an organized contest, the winner of which was to be rewarded with a prize of £1,000.

AND here *The Times* explains Mr. Beardmore's emergence and the reason why his flight is not the official first:

By one of those coincidences which are always good reading, whether in fiction or not, a Canadian amateur, Mr.

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Lissant Beardmore, was moved to think of making a similar attempt almost simultaneously. He took the air with his glider on Friday evening and sailed triumphantly from England to France.

He won no prize save the credit of his audacity and the delight of his supporters; but he was able to enter, on his own and the Empire's behalf, the claim that he was the first man to glide the Channel.

The claim is contested. In a brilliant flight on the following day Herr Kronfeld, a German competitor, accomplished the double journey to the satisfaction of official timekeepers and observers. The British Gliding Association have been unable to recognize Mr. Beardmore's flight, because, apparently, they were not warned in time to observe it.

RETURNING to Mr. Beardmore's own account of this feat, we find him on the English side, ready to go up, towed by a powered plane. He climbed into the tiny cockpit, fastened the safety belt, had one last look round, and said "Take off" into the telephone which connected him with the airplane: Then:

The first slight jerk of the tow-line set my heart thumping so hard that I was short of breath. Then I felt the glider lift.

At that moment I stared death square in the face. Something crashed against the bottom of the fuselage behind me. It might have meant damaged controls or serious injury to the structure of the machine. I tried to look back, and found it impossible.

I had no idea what had happened. It was not until I had landed at St. Inglevert that I learned that the undercarriage had struck a pot-hole as the glider rose and jumped into the air, striking my machine. The damage was fortunately slight.

But now I was rising swiftly, and in a few seconds the airplane ahead and below me had left the ground as well. The sensation of rising became noticeable. The wind whistled through the struts of the sailplane, and the noise of the airplane engine in front was just barely audible.

We banked slightly and swung in curve around the aerodrome already far below. My hands were clammy as I held the controls—clammy with the strange terror I felt as I wondered if suddenly the tail would drop off or the controls jam.

I simply knew that the glider had received a terrific crack as it took off, and it was constructed of wood so fragile that a fist could be easily pushed through the fuselage.

The ground fell away from us rapidly. Land became more blurred, and I fought to keep my nerves cool and my hand steady on the sensitive joy-stick. We circled four times in great sweeping banks, and then my pilot struck off along the coast, still climbing.

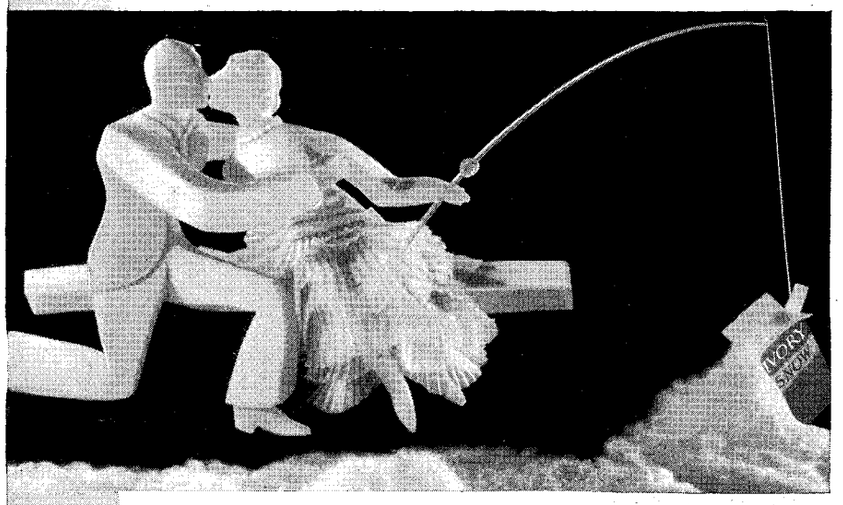
The glider sailed along behind, evenly and smoothly, and always one to two hundred feet above the powered machine. The cable hung between us in a curve, so that I knew I was towing lightly.

Height—that was what I wanted. My altimeter—graded to 12,000 feet—was registering to its limit.

The air was getting cold and the sun had lost its warmth. Banks of clouds floated far below over Folkestone, and we were somewhere between there and Dover. It was difficult to say.

A wisp of cloud spread suddenly between Mr. Beardmore and his pilot. A wave of

The season's best catch!



Silks and woolens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few

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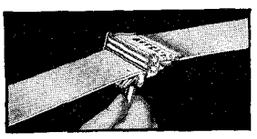
MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

A little more precision . . a lot better result

RADIO programs are perfectly timed—click through like clock-work when an alert engineer is at the controls. In broadcasting—as in most activities—precision is vital. The new Valet blade is built to the highest known precision standards. Its exactness in manufacture has won the preference of metallurgists and dermatologists. Accept the recommendation of experts. Shave with Valet—the blade that's far easier on the face.

† *The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel.*



VALET
Auto Strop
RAZORS AND BLADES

confidence swept over him, and he pulled the trigger wire and at the same time dipt the nose slightly. The cable dropt away. Reading on:

Alone! The glide had begun. I was facing up Channel when I cut loose, so I banked slowly and set my course across toward France.

Almost immediately I struck an upward current, and soared at tremendous, breathless speed for about one full minute. My hands were numb.

My feet, in light tennis shoes—worn so that I feel the slightest touch on the rudder-bar—were tingling as tho they were frost-bitten.

The plane was gliding swiftly at a narrow angle. I had no sensation of falling—nothing beyond a feeling of utter loneliness accentuated by the rush of the wind and the mist of the cloud banks as I slipt through.

France lay below. I could see the coast within a few minutes of starting my glide. It seemed no time before I was over the chalk cliffs between Calais and Cape Gris-Nez and then, still well up, over St. Inglevert.

THEN the near calamity, and the happy landing. And now Mr. Beardmore is predicting a day when air passengers will be towed by powered planes in glider trains. Perhaps. Let us keep strictly to the present and watch the round-trip glide that won Herr Kronfeld, in a race with Hans Krause, the *Daily Mail* prize. Says Kronfeld in that journal:

When I saw my rival, that excellent glider pilot, Herr Hans Krause, pushing out his machine, and his English towing-pilot warming up his engine, my people dashed to do likewise.

I got off just after Krause, but I did not realize what a thrilling race it was to be until my pilot (Herr Weichelt) signaled to me. Krause and his towing-plane were beneath me. He was then climbing very fast, and soon he was above me.

A haunting fear passed through my mind. If he climbed higher than I did he might beat me. Then I saw Krause beneath me again, and he released.

There was a cloud bank over the whole of the Channel, and I saw Krause no more.

I watched the edge of the cloud bank so as roughly to estimate my speed by watching how fast the shadow of the clouds moved along the land.

I had no map of France, and I could only work out my direction by calculations based on speed and the compass.

I released about two miles from the coast, and it took a fearfully long time to reach the coast. At 10,000 feet I found a northwesterly wind, but my position was very worrying, because I could not tell my true wind speed.

I wondered whether or not to return to St. Inglevert. I had never before glided over the sea, and my compass was not compensated. I was by no means sure of my course.

I flew on and on, however, seeing nothing but the sun, which I watched closely to get my bearings. I looked for the speed-boats, but in the mist I never saw one of them, and I thought of the safety belt which that plucky little woman pilot, Mlle. Suzy Lippens, daughter of the Belgian Air Minister, had given me.

On the trip from France to England we had, as my barograph shows, reached a height of more than 9,300 feet over the sea, the attaining of which took just an hour, whereas I got back from coast to coast from England to France in exactly twenty minutes after reaching nearly the same height in a little more than forty minutes.

BUT at last Dover emerged from the mists, Herr Kronfeld landed, his task half done, and prepared for the return. He tells us:

I left Dover at 9:10 P. M. in failing light. I followed a pretty straight course for Cape Gris-Nez. I was looking ahead when suddenly I saw a single flash of light. I thought it must be the Varne lightship again, and concluded I must be half-way across. Then I saw breakers below me and felt sure there must be land ahead. Soon I could discern the land in the pale light of the crescent moon.

The great difficulty now was to come down. I was 5,100 feet up when I reached France, and at this great gliding height I could have gone thirty-five to forty-five miles inland. But I wanted to land at my starting-point.

It took me a long time to come down, and I circled round and round, gradually losing height and drawing nearer to the ground.

No one was aware that for thirty-five minutes I had been circling above, tho I could see the lights of the airdrome. Knowing that my friends were massed there, I carefully circled down until I heard the welcome cheers as I glided gently to earth.

Returning to Mr. Beardmore's vision of future air travel in trains of gliders towed by powered planes. He is certain, he writes in *The Daily Express*, "that in the years to come we shall have our aerial trains—a string of cabin gliders, towed behind a giant express airplane, that will be dropt over landing grounds, just as the slip coaches are released from trains in this country to-day." And he adds:

It will mean speed and comfort. Gliders are silent. There is no vibration, no engine roar, only the rush of the wind. Release catches even now are fool-proof. Control is absolute.

What is more, an airplane can tow five to six times the weight it can lift, and without loss of speed. The possibilities are enormous.

THE London *Observer*, however, glances at some of the practical problems involved, thus:

The limit to the flying train is set by the unavoidable reduction of speed due to the resistance of the towed glider. Given a certain speed, the glider lifts itself but its drag retards the towing airplane, and obviously that retardation must not bring the speed below the machine's minimum. The number of gliders which an airplane could pull into the air depends upon the power employed, and it is certain that a high-powered craft, lightly loaded itself, would be needed to "carry" a train of four or five gliders. But it might be worth while.

If each of the gliders carried a pilot its drag would be increased. But, instead of the pilot, each might carry a load of explosives or mails or other freight, and each might be controlled to its destination by wireless.

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Finger-Printing All Children

TAKING finger-prints of all children in the country is advocated by Christopher O. Bennett in an article on "Finger-print Science from the Social and Industrial View-point," printed in *The Peace Officer*.

A bill is to be introduced in Congress, we are told, to make it compulsory upon all school children in the country to have finger-prints made. More than 3,000 children are lost every year in the United States and the finger-print system of identification would cut down that number. We read:

In kidnaping cases, the lapse of a few years makes it almost impossible to recognize a child.

With the finger-prints of a child on record there could be no mistake, in the event of a great disaster. Boards of education in every city and town should have the prints of all school children, solely for the purpose of identification.

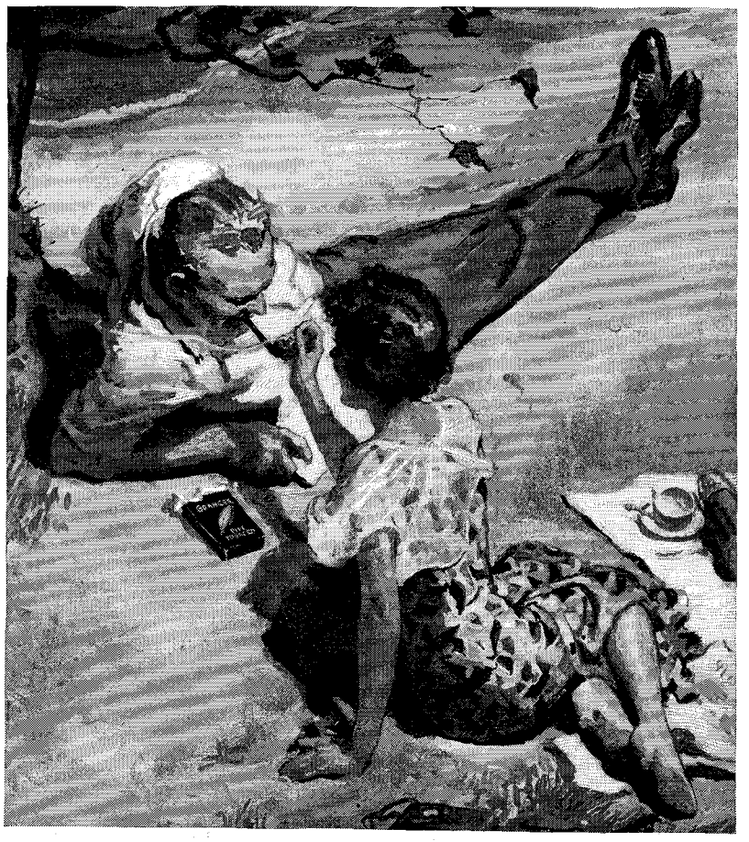
Every child attending public and private schools must be vaccinated and have birth-certificates recorded. The finger-prints of school children are equally essential.

Many wealthy persons have their children's finger-prints taken and filed away in safe-deposit vaults as a precaution against kidnaping. These finger-prints on numerous occasions have served to establish the falsity of claims when unscrupulous persons have masqueraded as the lost children of millionaires after the lapse of years, when other means of identification have failed.

Few hospitals in the United States have absolute means of identifying new-born infants. As a result of lax methods, mothers of infants born in maternity and other hospitals can not always be sure that the child brought to their bedside during the first few days is their own. Cases of infants being carelessly changed about at hospitals, fill court records of many cities. The footprints of every new-born child should be taken and recorded on a card bearing its name and that of the mother, to guard even more fully against substitution, and the finger-prints of the mother should also be recorded on the same card.

IDENTIFICATION of children by finger-prints is no new hobby of the writer, he asserts. Ever since the disaster which sent the steamer *General Slocum* to the bottom of the East River, New York, with 1,100 victims, he has urged the adoption of a national system for preserving the finger-prints of all children. He explains:

The day of that disaster, in which mostly children lost their lives, I was at St. Mark's Square, when a woman whom I knew, rushed out of a building and begged me to help in the identification of some of the victims. There were the bodies of eight little children, and four hysterical mothers were trying to claim one child. But they could not decide which was the real mother, as positive identification was impossible in each case. In that disaster the bodies of 164 children were buried without being identified. If the finger-prints of these children had been on record in New York City the four mothers would have had no difficulty in establishing the identification of their children.



"Then ye who'd bid adieu to care
Come here and smoke it into air."
ANON

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The truth ...facts!

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
3 Sweet to the End—No Soggy Heel
4 Made by Wellman's Method—an 1870 Tobacco Secret

Load on the installment plan; pack tight.

Yes sir, these big shaggy Granger flakes are "Rough Cut" purposely to burn *slower* and *cooler*. And pipes packed with Granger last nearly twice as long. Time the next bowlful and see for yourself.

On top of all that, there's rich mellow fragrance along with its coolness. You can thank Col. Wellman for his priceless 1870 secret; no other method has yet been discovered that can produce such wonderful flavor!

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GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

PIPE TOBACCO THAT *IS* PIPE TOBACCO

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Rescuing Private Osborne, the Human Kite Tail

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE, if you can, when the photographer snaps you being dragged through the air at the tail of a plane that leaps about the sky "like a hound dog with a can tied to its tail."

Take it from Private Harold L. Osborne, the unwilling "can" of the Chicago *Tribune's* graphic figure, it's no easy job.

Private Osborne sat—or, rather, dangled—for his photograph under such trying circumstances; and here on this page is the proof, a most remarkable air photograph. Whether the unhappy subject of this picture is smiling we can not tell, and in his story of the incident he does not say. But we'll risk the opinion that he looks scared.

This picture of the Air Corps private, dangling by his parachute ropes (while the 'chute itself is caught in the tail of the machine), was taken at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, this last spring, when a practise parachute jump went awry and almost ended in tragedy.

The story of how Osborne happened into this probably unprecedented situation, and how he was rescued from it, is one of the most thrilling in aviation's recent annals.

Illustration by courtesy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

A Flying "Hound Dog" With a Human "Can" Tied to Its Tail

Private Osborne, of the Twenty-seventh Pursuit Squadron, stationed at Selfridge Field, Mount Clemens, Michigan, was sent to Chanute Field in the spring with several other enlisted men for a course in parachute rigging, we are told by Keith Kerman in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine.

IT is not required, writes Mr. Kerman, "but it is customary for such students, when they near the end of the course, to jump with parachutes they have packed themselves; it's a pretty good test of their confidence in their own work."

Private Osborne had this confidence. He thought that "he had learned his lessons well enough to venture it." So, we read:

He went up for his graduation jump.

He sat in the rear cockpit of Lieutenant Deerwester's ship, a Douglas O-25, a late army type of observation plane. He wore two parachutes: on his back the regular training pack, with its twenty-eight foot spread of silk; on his chest a reserve pack, containing a twenty-two foot parachute; both fastened to the same body harness.

At a signal from Lieutenant Deerwester, the raising of a hand, Osborne stood up in the cockpit, one foot on the seat, the other on the fuselage, his right hand at the ring of the rip-cord protruding from a pocket in the harness over his left breast. The pilot lowered his hand—the signal for the head-first plunge over the right side of the plane.

At that point, Osborne says, he forgot his instructions and pulled the rip-cord as he dived instead of waiting until he was clear of the plane. Lieutenant Deerwester, looking over the side, saw the bag of the parachute whip out, catch in a notch in the tail of the plane, and stay there. The notch is formed by the projection of the counter-balance of the elevator past the stabilizer.

"I didn't know anything had gone wrong for a moment or two," Osborne relates, continuing:

I felt a hard jerk a second or so after I'd plunged into the air, but I supposed that was the parachute opening, as I had heard it gave a fellow quite a jar when it filled. Then I straightened out with my feet down and looked up and saw the bag was caught in the flipper. I was hanging about twenty-five or thirty feet below the tail of the plane, some 1,800 feet from the ground.

It would be silly to say I wasn't scared. But I didn't think much about anything but the fix I was in.

The tail of the plane kept tipping up and down. I thought at first that the pilot was trying to shake the parachute loose that way, but after a while I realized that the weight swinging at the end of the machine was making it buck.

IN the meantime Lieutenant Deerwester was having his own troubles, of which we read:

He was having a hard fight to keep the plane in the air. Osborne weighs 175 pounds, so with the parachutes, there was more than 200 pounds hanging to the tail of the ship.

Not hanging quietly, either.

The lower part of the fouled parachute was in the "prop wash," that is, the rush of air from the propeller, and it would keep catching this air and billowing out, lifting the man below. Osborne, accordingly, was kept swinging in the line of the ship's flight. There was some motion of the dangling figure across the line of flight also.

At the time of the jump the plane had slowed to about 75 miles an hour. Trying to control it with more than 200 pounds dragging at its tail and shifting its balance, the pilot gave it full throttle. Even then it made but 90 to 100 miles an hour.

Now we return to Osborne's own story of his fight:

Soon after Lieutenant Deerwester saw what had happened he motioned for me to climb up the shroud lines to the tail of the plane. We couldn't hear each other, of course. I tried to climb as he directed, but I couldn't raise myself more than a few inches. It isn't like climbing a rope in a gymnasium, you know.

Then I had the idea of pulling the cord on my reserve 'chute, but a little thought convinced me that wouldn't do any good. I would still be held to the plane by the other 'chute.

Then I thought of unbuckling the harness and dropping without a parachute. But, naturally, I didn't want to do that if there was any chance of getting out alive.

Finally, it seemed to me that the only thing was for the ship to go down and take a chance on my being smashed up. I thought I was a goner, and I wanted to get it over with. I was mighty uncomfortable, with the harness cutting into me and the webbing below the shroud lines smacking me in the face now and then as I was swung about. So I motioned to Lieutenant Deerwester to take the plane down. But he shook his head. He wouldn't do it. It would have ended the risk for him if he had, but I guess it would have ended me.

IN the meantime, "there was a confusion of activity on the ground. Almost every one had a suggestion as to what should be done about the situation in the air, and various plans of rescue were proposed to Capt. S. C. Skemp, commander of the post. Some one blew the fire whistle and engines came snorting out to the field. "A plane carrying an officer of the Army Air Corps Photographic Department also was in the air that day. Osborne was snapt as he hung from the tail of his plane." The result of his camera work illustrates this article. But how to

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rescue the dangling parachute jumper? At last a plan was formed and executed thus:

A heavy claspknife and a shot bag were tied to the loose end of a ball of strong cord. From a group of volunteers Lieutenant Engler and Lieut. A. A. Straubel were selected to go aloft. With Lieutenant Engler at the stick, the rescue plane took off and climbed close enough to the other ship for Deerwester to see signals and learn what was to be attempted. The signal was given for Deerwester to cease circling and fly straight. After some maneuvering, Engler got his ship into position about six feet above the other and a little behind, and the two flyers held their ships at this interval during the five minutes required to get the knife to Osborne.

"WHEN I got hold of the knife," Osborne relates, according to Mr. Kerman's narrative in *The Post-Dispatch*, "I started cutting the shroud lines leading up to the bag.

"I cut through all those on one side—fourteen—but could reach only seven of the others; so I had to cut through the webbing below the lines on that side.

"Then I dropt and ripped open my reserve 'chute. But I was falling backward, was in a vacuum, and the bag didn't open, so I had to feed it out by hand. I dropt about 200 feet before it opened."

Osborne came down about ten miles from Chanute Field, in a cornfield. Save for scratches and the like, he was not injured. The two planes came to earth in a meadow near by.

"I sat on the ground a while getting my breath," Osborne says as he continues his narrative, "but by the time the officers came up I was on my feet and had my parachute gathered up."

Thus he ends his story, and adds that he is willing to jump again.

We're Fed Up

The gangsters are up in the Catskills,
  The gangsters are down in the town.
The newspaper photos, the tabloids and rotos
  All add to the gangsters' renown.
The gunmen appear in the drama,
  In practically *all* magazines,
And lately the gangsters, Capone biff-and-bangsters
  Have captured the cinema screens.

They drove out the French Foreign Legion,
  They ended the Talkie Revues;
Instead of romances the audience glances
  At bathos that's dripping with booze.
Wherever you shop for a movie,
  Wherever a picture appears,
From here to Canopus it's likely the opus
  Is written around racketeers.

We fans in indignant rebellion
  For action are clearing the decks.
Oh, where are the Swansons, the African Johnsons,
  And what *ever* happened to Sex?
Let's battle for old-fashioned movies
  That didn't have racketeer plots,
And drive all the shooters, gorillas and looters
  Out of the Hollywood lots!—*Arthur L. Lippmann, in Judge.*

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Try this NEW fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish

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SPEED BLEND is a fast-working cleaner and polish. It disposes of Traffic Film* with magical ease. Your car gleams again as on the day it was new. Save time and effort with SPEED BLEND. Save the car finish, too. No acids or grit in SPEED BLEND; it's *safe* as well as speedy. Whether you personally polish your car or have it done at a garage or polishing station, insist upon this NEW No. 7 Duco Polish.

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Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.

KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT
with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware.

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After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to preserve gloss and protect finish against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

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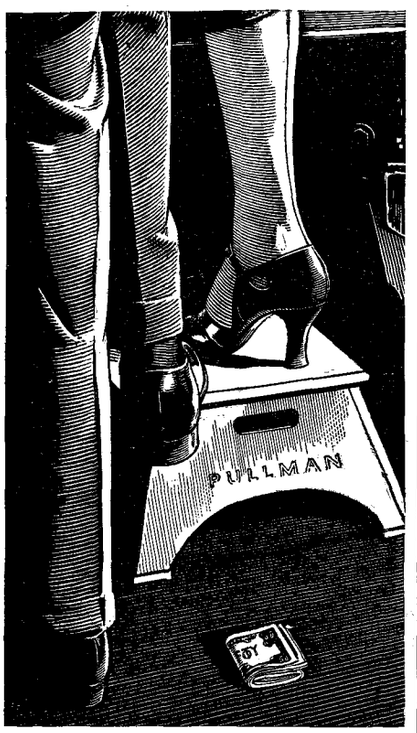

THEIR VACATION

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Lost in a Minute

Evenings spent poring over travel folders . . . months of saving for the vacation. The day . . . the thrill of departure . . . then the crushing discovery. The money is lost.

Don't let your vacation end before it starts. There is no need to lose cash when *insured money* can be used just as easily.

A. B. A. Cheques provide protection against loss, theft or even destruction of your money. If they are lost you get your money back.

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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

John Bull and His Speed Trophies

SOMETHING suggesting the proverbial streak of greased lighting shot across lovely Lake Garda, in Italy. A smother of foam was split by an almond-shaped craft that skated on its keel.

In ten minutes it was all over, and then, the Associated Press reports from Gardone, Italy, "Kaye Don, British motor-boat and automobile-racing driver, had broken his own world speedboat record by piloting the *Miss England II* over a measured course at 110.223 miles an hour. He had set the previous record of 103.49 miles an hour in Argentina on April 2. He made two runs over the Lake Garda course at speeds of 107.878 and 112.569 miles an hour to smash the record."

Thus Great Britain retains the supremacy in the "daring speed sports" attributed to her by Grace Robinson in the New York *Daily News*.

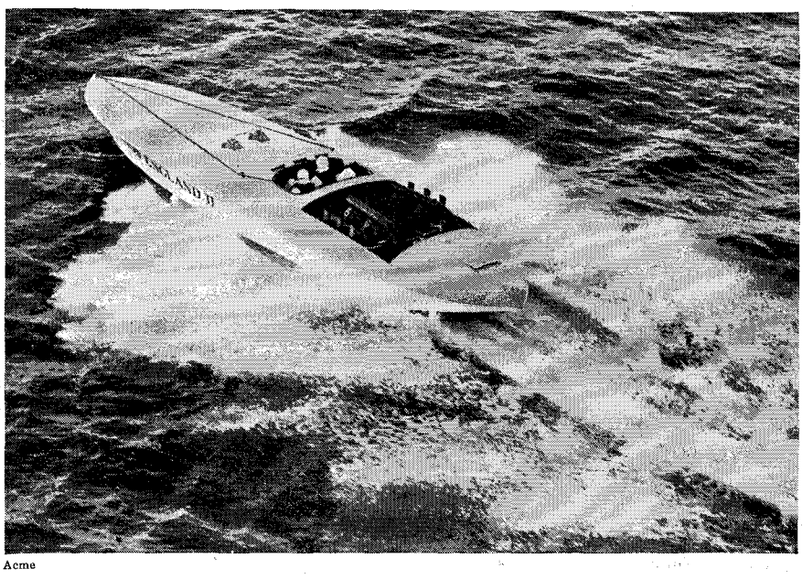
For, Miss Robinson assures us, altho Helen Wills Moody, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Tommy Armour, Sidney Wood, and Frank Shields may make America supreme in their fields of sport, when it comes to the attainment of great speed on land or water or in the air, Britain can still teach us something.

FOR example, the Associated Press sends from Gardone more details relative to Kaye Don's exploit:

The record-breaking run marked the end of nearly three months of efforts here by the thirty-seven-year-old British sportsman. Don brought the *Miss England II* here on May 5 to compete in the international speedboat regatta sponsored by Gabriele d'Annunzio, but motor trouble balked every attempt he made then to set a new record.

A new engine was installed in the boat and other mechanical adjustments were made. In one trial he averaged 109.43 miles an hour over a measured course, but motor trouble prevented him from making the run in the other direction as required for record attempts. But at last, with perfect conditions prevailing, Don brought his boat to the course and ten minutes later had established his new mark.

THE United States has its golf and tennis marvels who for years have sauntered across the big pond and hauled the Britishers' most prized trophies back for triumphal gloating in the States, says Miss Robinson as she pauses to survey the feats of Mrs. Moody, Bobby Jones, Big Bill, Shields, and Wood. But, she continues:



Acme

The Fastest Boat in the World—Until a Faster Comes Along

"Miss England II," in which Kaye Don set his record, shown kicking up the spray in one of her recent speed trials.

When the enterprise is one of the truly breathless Olympian contests which modern science has added to the gamut of the sports of speed—when it is a matter of traveling through air faster than human ever traveled before, or hurtling through water or over land like a projectile—then the British can point to exploits that exceed not only America but the rest of the civilized world.

Kaye Don, the famous British sportsman, has just sent the motor-boat *Miss England II* over the waters of Lake Garda at the breath-taking rate of 110.223 land miles, or 95.72 nautical miles, an hour.

No one has ever piloted a speedboat that fast before. In fact nobody has even approached it.

In his Lake Garda feat, Don smashed his own world's record, which was 103.49 land miles per hour.

The nearest approach to that was the achievement of the famous American, Gar Wood, who last March went 101.153 land miles per hour in the waters off Miami Beach, Florida.

But only a year ago the gallant Britisher, Maj. Sir Henry O. Segrave, gave his life to hang up for England the then highest speedboat record, 98.76 land miles per hour, on Lake Windermere, England. An instant before his frail craft submerged in foam and flame, he was going at the then unheard-of water speed of 101.11 miles per hour.

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Even if America does capture one of these great records, "she is unable, it seems, to hold it long," relates the writer in *The Daily News*, who reminds us, in proof of this assertion:

Gar Wood's water record for America stood only thirteen days before Don grabbed it back with his fast work of 103.49 land miles per hour in Argentina.

Altho it had seemed nothing short of miraculous when Major Segrave walked into American territory and drove at 231.36 miles per hour at Daytona Beach, another Englishman came over only last February and audaciously outdid his daring countryman. That was Capt. Malcolm Campbell.

He sent his 1,450-horse-power Bluebird car skimming over the hard sand at the brain-dazzling rate of 245.733 miles per hour.

During the first mile run of this stupendous effort he traveled even faster—at the rate of 246.575 miles per hour. This Britisher twice before had held the world's land speed record.

Shortly after the 1929 Schneider Cup races in England, Squadron Leader A. H. Orlebar, captain of the British Schneider team, flew at the more-than-human rate of 357.7 miles per hour. That still stands as the record for human travel of any kind.

The nearest American approach to it was the occasion back in 1925 when Al Williams made 266 miles an hour flying over Long Island. This is the American speed classic to date. A simple exercise in subtraction shows that America's best falls short of England's best by nearly ninety-two miles!

So proficient are the British in this greatest of all sports—contest by speed planes—that they have won the much sought Schneider trophy twice in succession. If they take it again this summer, when the Schneider Cup races are held at Calshot, England, they will have the cup for keeps.

England has won it four times, but only twice in succession. America had a leg on it twice—first in 1923, when Lieut. D. Rittenhouse won it by flying 177.38 miles per hour in a Curtiss plane; the second time in 1925, when Lieut. James H. Doolittle went 232.573 miles per hour, also in a Curtiss.

Nor does it seem to Miss Robinson that American women aviators can compare with Amy Johnson and her 15,000-mile flight from England to Australia. Reading on:

No matter how proficient women become in flying—or indeed in other sports—it is seldom a woman can really stand up against the skill of males. Yet an English girl, Winifred S. Brown, actually won the King's Cup race, against some of the best aviators in England, last Summer. This was a tremendous feat.

Lady Mary Bailey, another intrepid English aviatrix, flew to Cape Town, Africa, and return—18,000 miles. She wrecked her plane, and a new one had to be provided to continue the journey. But she surmounted unbelievable hazards of desert and wild beasts and strange currents in the sultry African air.

Orlebar in the air! Major Campbell on land! Kaye Don in water! Amy Johnson, flying alone over hot, moist, noxious jungles to her objective in Australia, over one of the world's most dreaded air lanes! Her own pilot, her own mechanic, her own navigator. An air lane three times as long as the transatlantic flight.

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Accidental Death — In the event of Accidental Death prior to age 65, THE EQUITABLE will pay to your named beneficiary $400 a month for 10 years.

Dividends — Dividends are payable after the second year until you reach the retirement age. These dividends may be used either to reduce yearly deposits or to increase the ultimate income.

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New Laurels for the Much-Crowned Tilden

THE GAUNT, STOOP-SHOULDERED, WARRIOR was irresistible.

His tennis-racket was a magic weapon; and his cannon-ball service was a veritable thunderbolt, with which, according to James A. Burchard in the New York *World-Telegram*, he even knocked the racket from his hapless opponent's hand.

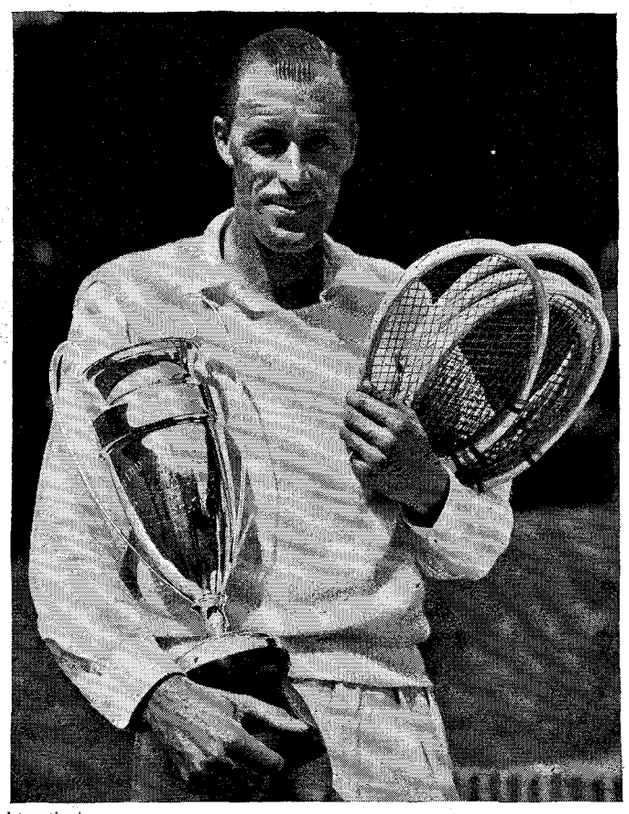
Big Bill Tilden, who has been called the greatest tennis player in history, and whose claim to that rank is seldom disputed, never played any better tennis than when he trounced his old rival, Vincent Richards, the other day at Forest Hills and won the national professional championship 7—5, 6—2, 6—1. He says so himself in an article syndicated by North American Newspaper Alliance.

It has been customary for the last five years "to speak of Tilden as one would of a deceased or retired athlete," according to Herbert S. Allan in the New York *Evening Post*. "Whenever his name came up for discussion in comparison with the Larneds, McLoughlins, and Dohertys you would hear comment such as this:

"'Tilden, in his prime, undoubtedly was the greatest player that ever lived. But, of course, he has gone back in recent years and is only a shadow of what he once was. He has lost his cannon-ball service, his backhand has broken down, his volley is just a hollow shell, etc.'"

When he turned professional, it was believed in many circles that his best days were over.

And so Tilden's victory over his own age (for thirty-eight is past the prime in the case of many athletes), over a much younger man, after a trying barnstorming tour, was one of the greatest of sport's recent spectacles.



International

The King Is Not Dead. Long Live the King!

According to some prophets, it brings nearer the open tennis tournament where amateurs and professionals will compete, as amateur and professional golfers now meet in their open.

Old-timers watched and marveled as he annihilated Vinnie Richards, the defending champion, in straight sets, writes Mr. Burchard in *The World-Telegram*. "They lauded him as the greatest tennis player, amateur or professional, in the world to-day. Even Frank Hunter, his bosom pal, was roused to enthusiastic comment. 'Thirty-eight and never better,' he applauded. 'The man's inhuman.'"

Big Bill's march to victory could not be turned back, we learn from Mr. Burchard:

Richards fought with every weapon he could muster.

He charged the net and sought to turn the tide of battle with his deadly volleying.

But it was futile.

He was facing a superathlete, a gaunt, stoop-shouldered warrior who was irresistible. If it had been a boxing match instead of a tennis duel, the referee would have called a halt in the second round and awarded a technical knock-out to Tilden.

In just fifty-nine minutes, a remarkably short space of time for a national title final, Tilden blasted Richards and seized the professional ermine. It was a sound and humiliating trouncing for the pudgy native of Yonkers, whose bitter rivalry with the Old Master is common gossip.

By this time Richards should be fairly well convinced that Tilden is his competitive superior. His licking was his sixth straight defeat by the Old Master in a professional setting. And judging by the tournament as a whole, Tilden still will be winning titles when the rest of the boys are making their first payments on wheel-chairs.

Just once did Richards hold the upper hand. In the first set he went into a 4—2 lead, and the 6,000 spectators in the Forest Hills stadium momentarily fancied the Old Master was doomed.

But only momentarily. Tilden's brilliant passing shots soon convinced them otherwise.

After the first set it was practically a rout. Mighty shots sprang from Tilden's racket as tho it were endowed with magic. His cannon-ball service was a veritable thunderbolt.

Once Richards's racket was torn from his hand as it met the ball.

In the final game, alone, Big Bill pounded three service aces across the net.

Tilden's victory was popular with the crowd. But when he returned to the court with Hunter to oppose Richards and Howard Kinsey in the doubles final, sentiment suddenly changed. To a man the spectators were rooting for Richards and Kinsey, and the Old Master's temper flared frequently as a result.

As far as a real tennis struggle was concerned, the doubles match completely eclipsed the singles final. Richards and Kinsey, to the vociferous delight of the crowd, finally retained their crown after five blazing sets, 7—9, 7—5, 3—6, 6—4, 6—3.

Sitting in his dressing-room, when it was all over, Big Bill talked more of the future of pro tennis than of his own magnificent singles victory. He predicted that open tournaments would arrive eventually, and added that not many amateurs could beat the six best players in the pro tourney.

He might also have said that no player in the world, past or present, could have defeated him as he played yesterday—and he would have been 100 per cent. correct.

To say that Bill Tilden is the greatest tennis player of all time is trite, Mr. Allan reminds us in *The Evening Post*. But, he adds, "the use of the present tense gives the familiar expression new significance." Reading on:

Wherever two or three tennis fans are gathered together, they are declaring Big Bill is the king of the courts, amateur as well as professional. His devastating victory over Richards permits of no dissenting opinion.

If you disagree with that statement, consider Tilden's own words as supporting evidence. Interviewed in his dressing-room after his astounding performance, the Old Master said:

"That was as good tennis as I ever played, and the best tennis I know how to play. Vinnie put up a great game, too, but you know his hard match yesterday took a lot out of him."

The latter reference was to the sixty-game semifinal doubles contest in which Richards and Howard Kinsey defeated Karel Kozeluh and Albert Burke.

Now, you don't have to be much of a logician to deduce that, if Tilden was the greatest player of all time back in 1922 or 1923,

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and if he played up to that standard yesterday, he must have no peer at the present moment. And if you want further testimony you may consult Frank Hunter, who has been more intimately associated with the new professional world champion's career than any other man.

It is almost impossible "to believe, even in the face of such conclusive proof, that Tilden can have regained his supremacy at the age of thirty-eight," says Mr. Allan as he proceeds:

Maurice McLoughlin was thirty-nine when he won his last amateur championship, and William A. Larned was forty-two when he captured the same honor for the final time. But neither of those old stars played half as much tennis in their whole lives as Big Bill has to date.

The fact that Tilden scaled the heights once more at the expense of a player ten years his junior, and one of the five greatest in the world to-day, after a barnstorming tour during which he competed two or three times a week, is what makes his achievement unprecedented. His stamina is unparalleled in the history of the sport.

Tilden's amazing exhibition in the final and the high-class tennis displayed by the nine other seeded contenders for the professional championship are the strongest arguments yet advanced for the sanctioning of an open tournament by the U. S. L. T. A. The pros have definitely established their ability to compete on even terms with the amateurs, and deserve a chance to do so.

The chorus of praise for Tilden is almost universal. "Transcendent" and "awe-inspiring" are two adjectives employed by Allison Danzig in the New York *Times*. And in *The Herald Tribune*, Fred Hawthorne writes:

There was not a single shot in the category of strokes that Tilden did not bring off with deadly precision, once he had started on his relentless march. Those unbeatable, sweeping backhand drives into the far corners that distinguished his play five or six years ago, came off his racket face with impressive regularity. Richards tried desperately to cut off the ball by charging down the center, but rarely succeeded in getting his racket on it.

Every spot in Richards's court, from baseline to net, became a "No Man's Land," and the blond young champion often shook his head helplessly as the rapier thrusts tore down his defenses.

Don't Shoot, It May Be Wal

A part of the famed "Little America" pictures are alleged to have been made in the vicinity of Hollywood.

Icebergs were manufactured from canvas, supported on rockers and rollers. The snow which filled the air and buried the houses was gypsum and cornflakes. The smoking breath of the explorers was produced by pieces of dry ice held in the mouth between rubber plates. The airplane which spectators saw taking a spectacular nose dive had first been raised to a height of seventy-five feet by a crane.

So says an article in a popular science magazine.

This information leaves my curiosity unsatisfied on only one point. Were those terrible killer whales really nothing but Wallace Beery coming up for air?—*Detroit News*.

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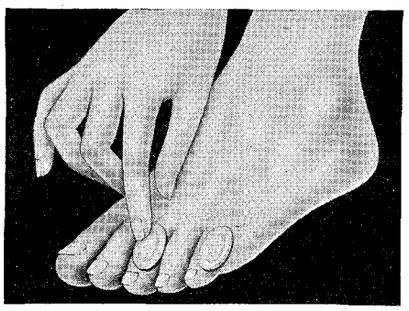
CORNS



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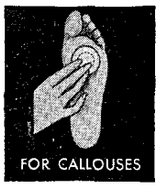

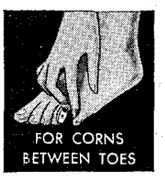

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CURRENT POETRY

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THE "bird's-eye" or the "worm's-eye" view is usually recorded in satire, but if nature speaks, isn't nature capable of sympathy? From *Voices* (New York):

SONG OF THE GRASS

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

I am the grass,
Bound to earth's mass,
Yet touching the fair
Freedom of air.

Grasshoppers go
In a gay to-and-fro,
Airy and dim
At their emerald whim—
Gargoyle lightnings that leap
Through my feathery sleep;
Or my tassels are stirred
By the light rootless bird.

Placid the cows,
Over me browse,
Casually.

The lemon-clad bee
Fresh from the rose
Over me goes;
Or under my light
And feathery height
The small rabbit lies
With peace in his eyes

I am the grass:
Under me pass
Earthworms like droll
Rose pythons . . . the mole
Lavender-gray
Upon his dark way . . .
And ultimate, far,
Earth's heart, still a star,
Smoulders and glows
Like a deep laven rose.

I am the grass
Years pass and repass,
While quietly from under
The earth I draw Wonder.
Where snowdrifts have lain,
Black earth and white rain
United in the sheen
Of impossible green.

I draw from the cold
Death of snows . . . from the mould
And earth's basis of rock,
And the globed rain's bright shock,
And red sun and blue air . . .
Somehow the fair
Dwarf forests to shade
A cricket afraid.

NO MATTER the place when the nostalgic note is genuine. From *The Saturday Review* (London):

SOME DAY

BY A. R. UBSDELL

Devon, I will come back to you some day;
It has been weary, parted from your hills,
Your heathered moorlands, and your daffodils,
Your deep lanes glad with foxglove or with may
That twist along your valleys where the fields
Sleep, drugged with summer grass and spangled gold
With buttercups, or up through woods which hold
Night shadows ere the sun to starlight yields.

Devon, I will come back and find again
The scents I've lost; of cider apples heaped
In orchards, gathered mushrooms still dew-steeped,
Of sun-charmed gorse and bracken after rain. . . .
And Devon, Devon, I have waited long
For a peewit's call and a sky-lark's song.

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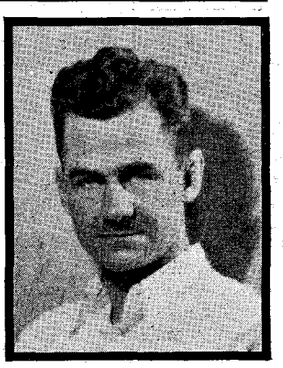

Lowell Thomas

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MacFlecknoe has often uttered words of wisdom in his humorous vein. Here is something timed to the minute in *The New Statesman and Nation* (London):

11.59

By MacFlecknoe

There are intricate questions (the catalogue ranges
Over currency, credit, and foreign exchanges)
Which I leave on one side, since I fondly suppose
That the accurate answer is, "Nobody knows";
But daily and nightly I puzzle my wits
With what everyone knows and yet no one admits.
In private, all sensible people will own
That 'tis useless to try to draw blood from a stone;
That a creditor's fortunes will surely decay
If he renders his debtors unable to pay;
That the trade of a merchant will dwindle and die
If his customers have not the money to buy;
That though quacks and Crusaders may prate as they please
Of a national cure for a world-wide disease,
French, British, and Germans, and Yankees and all,
If they won't stand together, together must fall.
Yet our statesmen and Press-Lords have held, till to-day,
That what everyone *knew*, it was treason to *say*;
And with eyes tightly shut by our leaders' instruction
We have marched, side by side, to the brink of destruction.
And now there arrives a last-minute reprieve;
What was always too plain, we are bid to perceive;
And Hoover, the earthly vicegerent of God,
Confirms it as truth with Olympian nod;
While the statesmen and pundits, in chorus sublime,
Are declaring, "Of course! we knew *that* all the time."
Well, I wish they'd explain why, in matters of State,
For the last hour's last minute we always must wait;
Why the true diagnosis we never must quote
Till the death rattle sounds in the invalid's throat;
And why they should always prefer, of intention,
A last-minute cure to a timely prevention.

Sons of great men are often heirs to an unhappy lot. The London *Spectator* has this:

SONG FOR TELEMACHUS

By Edward Ashcroft

Dark Ithaca rises from the waters
of the sunlit midday sea,
and in the silence of the sun
stands the palace of Ulysses.

Over the crags and the rising roofs
is the tower where Penelope
sits alone until darkness dims
the line of the horizon:
till darkness covers the trees in the courtyard
and the hills where the sheep are feeding . . .

Bitter is it for him who meditates on wrong,
bitter is it to be filled with desire of revenge.
Ask not gaiety of Telemachus,
seek him not in the hall where the torches are lit,
where to the sound of the harps the dangers,
for the pleasure of the suitors, the young aspirants,
in slow patterns move.

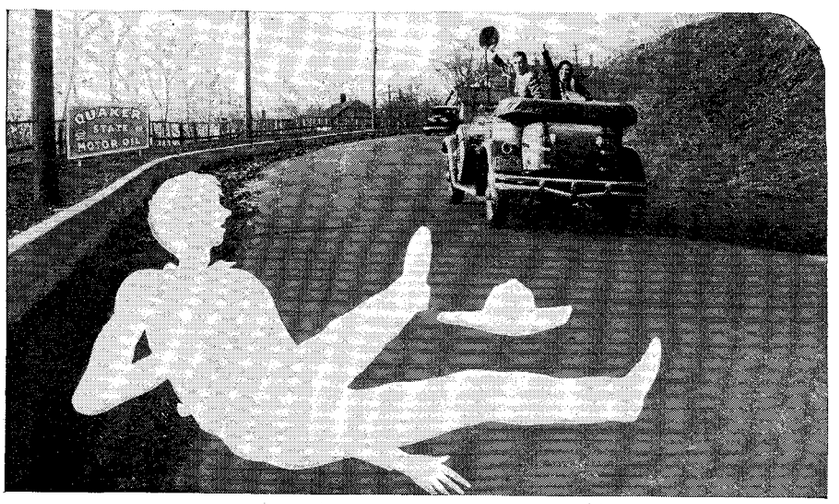
Oh stern Telemachus,
was it happy to be the son of Ulysses,
the guide of his people, the wise Ulysses?

Far is he from you and his people
far is he from the centre of his heart.
It is ever so with the wise men, the councillors,
in the land of marvel they are lost,
with the spirits of the sea and the sky
they are alone.

Oh Telemachus, bitter are your days,
The fame of your father has brought many strangers to the door—
you are lost among the faces of the strangers.

My song for Telemachus
is harsh as sea salt,
mournful as the deep cleft valleys
of the mountains.

THROW MR. WATER-THIN OUT OF YOUR CAR, TOO! HE NEVER FINISHED A TRIP IN HIS LIFE!



● Mr. Water-thin is the world's worst traveling companion. He's always willing to start a trip—but never able to finish one. He disappears. He vanishes into the blue.

● For Mr. Water-thin is the quart or more of thin, waste oil that ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil. It's a quart that can't stand heat, can't fight friction—can't aid a motor in the slightest. It vaporizes in no time. There's no mileage in it. So Quaker State engineers have dubbed this stuff "water-thin." And they take pleasure in throwing it out of Quaker State!

● Ordinary refining doesn't remove "water-thin." It can't remove it. But Quaker State refining gets it out—every last bit of it. An easy task? Don't you believe it! Nothing short of the *most modern refining in the industry* can do it. Nothing short of Quaker State's years of refining experience could develop the process necessary for its removal—a process you find in every one of the Quaker State refineries.

● Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—instead of three quarts and one of waste. You really get an *extra* quart of lubrication. That's why Quaker State Motor Oil is experiencing the fastest growing demand of any oil in America. *That's why to-day Quaker State is the world's largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil!*

● And Quaker State has the proper start in life. It is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

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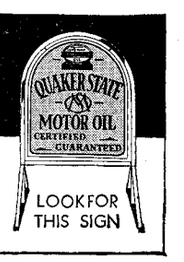

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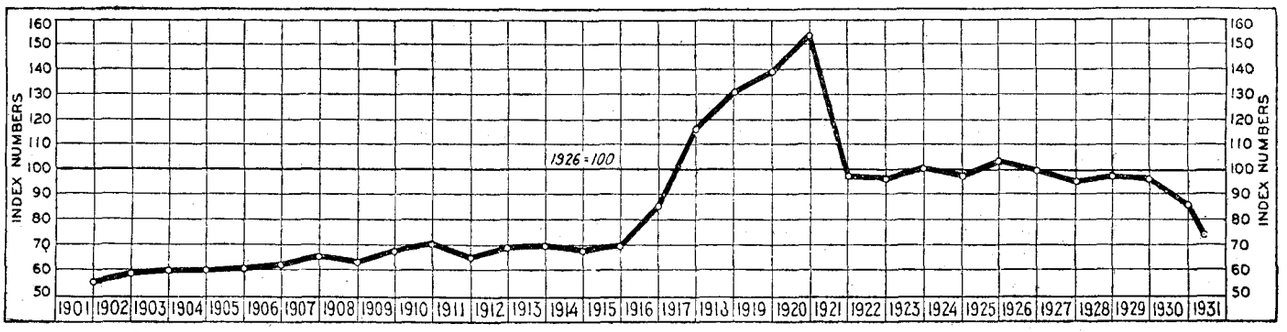

From the New York *Times*

Thirty Years of Commodity Prices

Curve shows changes in average price of all commodities as compiled by Bureau of Labor Statistics, the 1926 figure used as 100.

Prices and Prosperity

THE ADVANCE IN PRICES of a few important commodities in June was cheering news to many thousands of Americans.

For many business men, writes Charles Merz in the New York *Times*, "believe to-day that commodity prices hold the key to recovery from depression, and that recovery will not begin until the downward trend of prices is reversed."

A continuation of a rising tendency for several months would, we are told, encourage a wide-spread belief that fundamental recovery is in progress. This being the case, it is worth while, Mr. Merz thinks, to consider the relation of prices to prosperity and to examine the rise and fall of the price curve in recent years, and to try to discover the cause of the various fluctuations.

Certainly commodity prices have added enormously to the troubles of every government in the world—

In the United States the Farm Board holds 200,000,000 bushels of wheat which it bought at prices far above the present level.

In the Malay States the British Government has burned its fingers on an unsuccessful plan to stabilize the price of rubber.

In China a fall of 40 per cent. in the price of silver in the last twelve months has crippled the purchasing power of 300,000,000 people.

In Western Europe the fact that Germany has been forced to sell her raw materials in a rapidly declining market has helped to shape the situation which led to Mr. Hoover's proposal for a moratorium on debts and reparations.

Interest in commodity prices crosses international boundaries. Cents per pound and dollars per bale speak a language common to all nations.

The same broad sweep of prices downward which has frayed the nerves of the small investor in securities on the Stock Exchange has destroyed the profits of the Kansas farmer and the coffee grower in the hills of Yemen.

"In order to trace the movement of prices over a longer and more significant period than is represented by the last two hurried years," *The Times* prints in connection with Mr. Merz's article the chart given on this page. It shows the course of the average of all commodity prices, according to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, for the last thirty years. It will be seen that there was a steady gradual upward movement from the beginning of the century up to the war year 1914, interrupted only by slight recessions. Says Mr. Merz:

This rising tendency in prices provided one of the fundamental conditions of American business in these years, affecting manufacturing methods and the habits of business men in buying and selling raw materials.

THERE was a slight downward turn of the curve after the beginning of the war. Then the curve "turned abruptly up, as more man power was drawn to the battle lines and a scarcity of raw materials and finished products began to be acute." By 1920 the curve had reached its highest peak, and the price of commodities had more than doubled in five years. Then—

The descent from this eminence of 1920 was even more spectacular than the rise had been.

Commodity prices dropt almost perpendicularly in 1921, losing approximately 40 per cent. of their value in a single year.

This was the first post-war deflation. It was followed by a period of eight years, during which prices moved in a narrow range, with minor peaks in 1923 and 1925.

In midsummer of 1929, while the bull market was still boiling, the curve turned down again, gently at first, and then with rapidly accelerating speed—carrying with it not only the price of cotton, copper, wheat, and steel, but the débris of early hopes that business would effect a prompt recovery from depression.

By May of the present year the index number representing the average of all commodities had declined to 71.3. It was now down to less than half of the figure for the mountain peak of 1920, and practically back at prewar levels.

WHAT made the two great downward sweeps that carried us almost back to the prewar price levels?

Mr. Merz finds a number of special factors. Some have restricted demand, others have increased supply sources. On the demand side new high tariffs have excluded certain products for markets in which they were once welcome. Besides, political unrest, local wars, and local revolutions have disrupted, either accidentally or by purpose, the normal methods of an exchange of goods. For example:

In India 1929 was marked by a sustained boycott of British goods, decreed by the Indian Nationalists in their effort to achieve dominion status. This boycott had a substantial effect upon British production of cotton goods, and therefore upon world demand for cotton.

It is a far cry from the Ganges to the Suwanee River, but the interests of the modern world are closely enough interlocked for the tactics of Mahatma Gandhi to affect in devious ways the fortunes of the Georgia planter.

AND on the supply side, well, "we have witnessed in the last ten years impressive progress in the efficiency with which various important commodities are produced and prepared for shipment to their markets." As the writer specifies:

New methods of cracking crude petroleum have substantially increased the yield of gasoline. The process of hydrogenation promises an even higher ratio of efficiency.

Machine mining has lowered the cost of producing copper.

The introduction of bud grafting on rubber plantations in the Orient has doubled the yield in many cases. Other commodities have felt the stimulus of successful experiment with new methods of production.

And of course the war itself was largely responsible for that "enormous Matterhorn of prices" in the middle of the chart. The fact that millions of men were withdrawn from industry, many of them killed or permanently disabled, and that Russia went out of the market as a wheat-exporting nation, that it was impossible for the new war industries to keep up with the demand—all these things set prices racing upward. The writer

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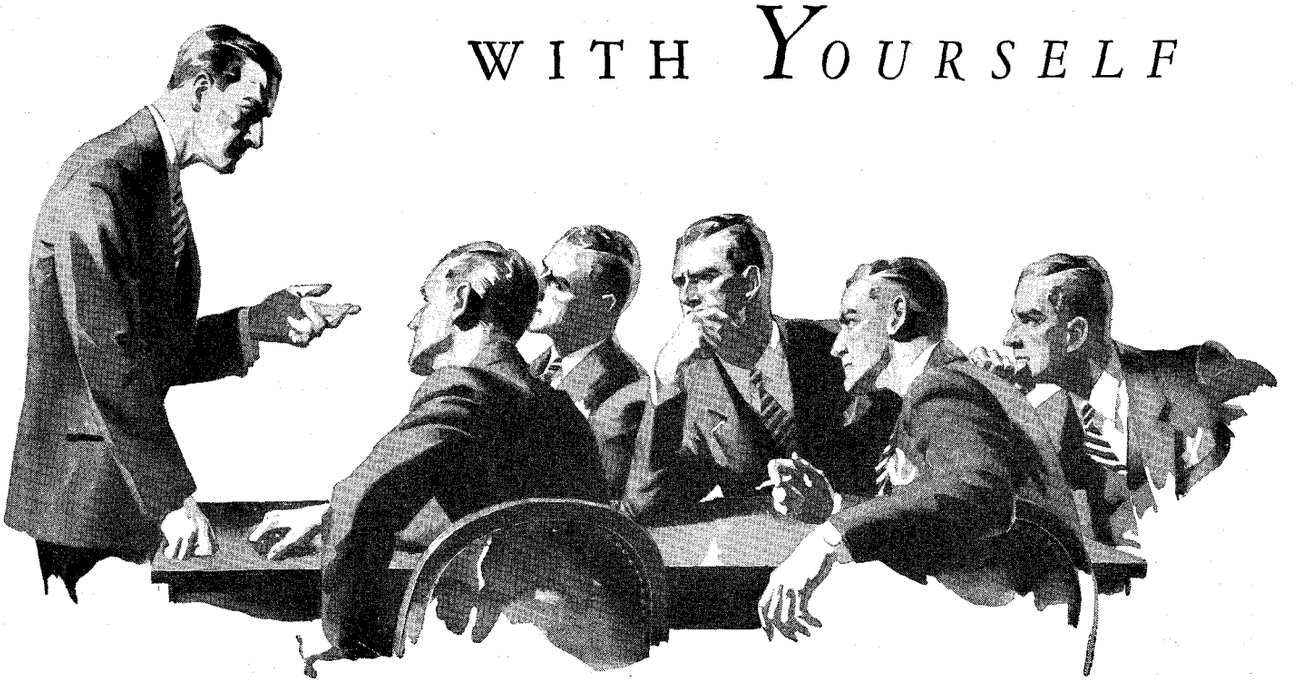
HOLD A DIRECTOR'S MEETING WITH *YOURSELF*



MOST MEN can learn much from the financial policies of the successful corporation. Like any going concern, usually the individual has years of good earnings and years of poor earnings. He is subject to unexpected reverses for which he must be prepared. Beyond a certain age, his earning power declines. He must provide for declining earnings, just as the corporation provides for depreciation in its equipment.

Suppose you held a director's meeting with yourself, went over your financial statement, considered the reserves you should allow for possible business difficulties, decline in earnings or loss of position. Very probably you would decide to provide for yourself an income not dependent on personal earnings. You would begin at once to build a second income that would always be standing by to take care of those unforeseen contingencies that occur at some time in the life of almost every man.

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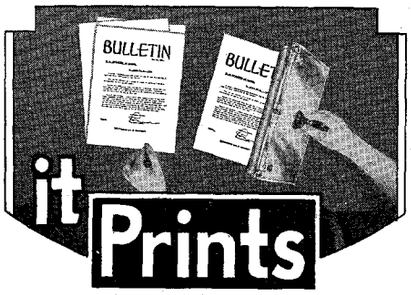

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reminds us that "between 1914 and 1920 the index number for metals and metal products almost doubled; the index number for farm products more than doubled; the index number for textiles more than trebled."

THEN, just as the world's productive machinery was being geared up to meet the demand, the war ended. Men came back to work. "The market for war materials suddenly contracted." The once belligerent nations began the effort to out-match each other in producing exportable surpluses. And the first effect of the change, of course, was the dramatic fall of prices, the great deflation of 1921. What we are now experiencing in the price field, according to Mr. Merz, is a secondary effect of these same causes:

For while the war now lies twelve years behind us, its effect in overstimulating sources of production must be reckoned with other more recent influences as one of the continuing causes of a falling price scale.

Industries which suddenly adjusted themselves to an unprecedented demand during the war period have found it difficult to effect a readjustment.

More than a decade after the war the Kansas farmer still plants wheat on the assumption that vast armies of Russian peasants are mobilized on the Eastern front and U-boats are sinking grain ships in the English Channel.

As prices have been slipping downward, governments and business groups have been doing their best to stop the trend in various commodity fields. For instance, there are the efforts of our Wheat Board, Brazil's coffee valorization scheme, unsuccessful attempts of oil companies to limit output, and a similar effort by copper producers.

Most famous of all was the Stevenson plan set up by the British Government to stabilize the price of rubber.

The Chadbourne sugar stabilization plan starts with a distinct advantage because it lines up eighty per cent. of the world's sugar producing companies. But at any rate, up to now, "the history of efforts to stabilize prices is the history of high hopes destined to end in disappointment."

So prices have kept on falling, and recently, "in a single year commodities have lost twenty per cent. of their value in the market," and this, of course, upsets business.

Next we are asked to take another look at the chart and notice the difference between what economists call "secular" and "cyclical" trends. The secular trends are the long movements over a considerable period of years, like the climb to the peak in 1920 and the long decline to the present-day level. The cyclical trends are the little variations in the curve. Now there are economists, we are told, "who believe that while a 'cyclical' upturn in prices is indispensable to the recovery of business at the present time, and while such an upturn may reasonably be expected at no distant date, the long 'secular' trend may continue downward for some years before the major movement of [illegible] curve turns up again."

This idea is not necessarily pessimistic, since we have often enjoyed prosperity when the secular price trend has been downward. Some economists even see advantages in such a trend if it is gradual, since there is less speculation in inventory and keener competition. Dr. Edwin F. Gay of Harvard has pointed out that "the thrust of population over enormous areas, the expansion of the industrial revolution into new regions, huge strides in means of transportation—all these have taken place during downward trends of prices, accompanied by new techniques of business enterprise."

Well, we don't know what kind of a change in prices lies ahead, but, concludes Mr. Merz, we may be sure that "if the 'secular' trend is to continue downward, we shall find that much of our economic thinking rests on premises which have been changed." A case in point is offered by the Young plan for the German reparations:

This plan was based on the theory that Germany could continue to sell her goods abroad in a fairly stable market. But German goods are worth much less to-day than in 1929, when the Young plan was drafted. If they continue to be worth less from year to year, Germany will be asked to pay her creditors a larger sum in terms of her industrial output than the authors of the Young plan proposed in their conference at Paris.

How the Country Looks in July

ANY one who has a skeleton map of the United States, or any one who can visualize the whole country, can get an interesting idea of business conditions in the various sections by following what David Dillman says in his Chicago *Journal of Commerce* column.

This writer says we only need keep in mind a few outstanding factors. And he thinks that after looking over the map we shall come to the conclusion that the changes from a year ago are practically all improvements. For instance, "a year ago the drought news was paralyzing business." Furthermore, "buying power that could not be forced into action a year ago is modestly asserting itself to-day."

But let us turn from Mr. Dillman's general conclusions to his brief geographical survey.

Starting in the Northeast he finds a plus factor, "thanks to the favorable showing of the shoe and leather and textile industries." Things are not quite so good along the East coast, but there is a quickening in wholesale trade around New York and Philadelphia. Early crop prospects are good in the South Atlantic States. In this section, all the way to Florida, a big fruit and vegetable crop is helpful. It is still too early, however, to tell about the citrus fruits. The writer goes on, picking

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out especially good spots with plus marks or dark shadings:

Along the Gulf [illegible]at of short rainfall should give a little lighter marking, but an occasional dark line is needed to indicate here again that the fruit and vegetable yield is helping things along.

Getting over into the lower Mississippi Valley the shade should be deepened, because here the fruit and vegetable crop alone is meaning a whole lot more after the last year's drought.

People in this section are preparing to feed themselves and animals, and railroad car loadings show that they are converting a part of their truck into cash. Their general farm crops promise to be the largest in a number of years.

Branching off up the Ohio Valley, the map should take on a spotty complexion. In the farm areas the crop outlook is satisfactory, and throughout the territory north to the lakes there are bright spots in the industrial centers where clothing, shoes, tires and similar items are being produced in fair quantity for the replacement market. For the heavy industries, particularly steel and related lines, there must be some blank spots, however. South of the Ohio the textile mills continue at fair rates, and the tobacco plants are busy, but the crops, outside of fruits, seem a little slow.

In the Middle West industrial activity is found at a low ebb, but there is some quickening of trade around Chicago, while in the agricultural territory early prospects for crops are good "regardless of the price likely to be received." To continue:

Over in the Northwest, the map-maker must recognize the drought condition in North Dakota and Montana and the short spring wheat crop, but in the general farming area of this territory he must not forget the diversification that has been effected in the last few years.

For Washington there is a favorable apple-crop prospect, but down in Oregon this apparently becomes a negative factor. Lumbering as the principal industry for these States is an indifferent factor, but any change has been for the better, and the trade itself is feeling better because production seems to be under control.

It is perhaps best to ring the Western section and the mountain States, because low metal prices have had their effect in the mining field. The ranges are well grassed, however, and live stock is in good condition, so some cross-lines are warranted on the map.

We must mostly neglect California. Some say the State does not know there is a depression, and it does have some revenues independent of the rest of the country. Manufacturing has, nevertheless, declined, and the fruit crops are not proved, altho the truck movement so far has been satisfactory.

In the Southwest there must be a combination of light shading for oil and mining, with darker spots for the farm crops. Small grains are giving heavy yields, and the later crops are progressing slowly, with indications that rain is needed in some sections. Around some of the cities there should be plus markings for fairly active trade, and also some building activity.

That leaves only the upper Missouri Valley, where perhaps the best thing to do would be to draw a question mark pending the outcome of the corn crop and the market trend for both corn and wheat.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Economy First.—VISITOR—"Where's the other windmill gone to?"

NATIVE—"We only had wind enough for one, so we took the other one down."—*New Goblin.*

Mamie's Art a Life-saver.—"Did you visit the art galleries when you were in Dresden?"

"We didn't need to. Our daughter paints."—*Der Brummer.*

Life's Little Surprizes.—GIRL—"Why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on the tip of my nose?"

ESCORT—"How should a man know how you girls want to wear your complexion?"—*Boston Transcript.*

To Sell Furs in Panama?—BUSINESS MAN—"What do you do with all these pictures you paint?"

MODERNIST ARTIST—"I sell them, sir."

BUSINESS MAN—"Well, name your terms, my man. I've been looking for a salesman like you for years."—*Passing Show.*

Ladies Last.—An absent-minded grocer called on his old friend, the family doctor, one evening. They chatted for a couple of hours, and as the grocer rose to go, the doctor asked: "Family all well, I suppose?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his visitor, "that reminds me. My wife's having a fit."—*Emporia Gazette.*

Ruling Passion.—"Speaking of animals remembering," said the tall, elderly man, "when I was a boy I once gave a circus elephant a stick of striped candy."

"Well?"

"After that, whenever that circus was to parade in the town, the barbers had to take in their striped poles."—*Boston Transcript.*

Appetite and Economics.—They were giving a small dinner party, and for a special treat the little son of the house had been allowed to come down.

They had reached the dessert stage when he remarked in loud, confidential tones to his mother:

"Will dessert upset me to-night, mummie, or is there enough to go around?"—*Argonaut (San Francisco).*

Gnever Ptoo Llate pto Llearn.—

GO AHEAD, ZOO ME!

A ptarmigan's ptesty, I'm ptold,
Ptied up by a ptouch of ptomaine;
A gnu's gnever gnettled by gnerves,
A dhole dhoesn't dhwell like a Dhane;
A xerus combines xest and xeal,
A llama llikes lliver and llimes—
(Xoological dhetails pthat gnever lack charm,
Pthough I've heard pthem a gnumber of ptimes.)

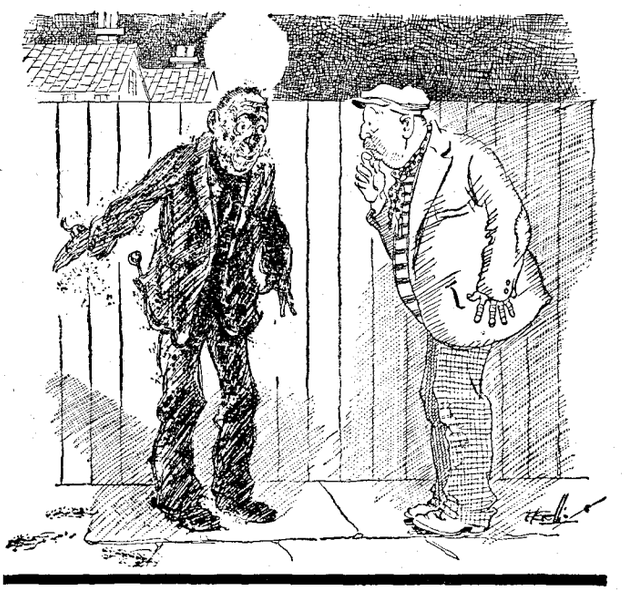
—*E. B. Crosswhite, in Life.*

Swell Mystery.—"What do 'ee think, Silas? The bones of some old pre'istoric man's been found on old Nicky Coombes's farm!"

SILAS—"Poor old Nicky! But chance be he'll be able to clear hisself at th' enquist."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Catching It Either Way.—"That fellow Dubleigh has got a scared, sneaking look. Has he been in any position to do any crook work here?" asked the President.

"No," grinned the manager. "I know the answer to his actions. His wife has ordered him to demand more money, and the poor fish knows he's lucky to get what he does."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*



Burglar (describing his getaway): "So I 'ops it up the chimney and gets clean away!"

—"Everybody's Weekly" (London).

Her Nose Might Be Shiny.—MRS. THOMPSON (learning to drive)—"Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

THOMPSON—"Isn't it?"

MRS. THOMPSON—"No; I can't see anything but the car behind."—*Cincinnati Christian Advocate.*

Sharp Observation.—The barbers of Guayaquil, which is in Ecuador, have asked their government to forbid the importation of American safety razors, which they say are ruining the barber business. Another bad feature of safety razors, from the South American point of view, is that they are virtually useless in a revolution.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Lending Color to a Suspicion.—A certain suburbanite who keeps pigeons loses a good many, and he has more than once suspected a neighbor of benefiting by his loss. Not long ago he bribed the neighbor's little boy with a dime, and asked, "Did your daddy find a bird yesterday?"

Willie nodded.

"Was it blue with some white feathers in it?"

"Dunno," said Willie, pocketing the dime. "You can't tell their color when they're in a pie."—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Sunny, Sonny, Honey.—LARGE SUNNY ROOM with board for one or two women. Five view o: boy.—*Berkeley Daily Californian.*

Pass the Bay Rum.—

LOCKETTS CAFERETIA
BARBER CURED MEATS

—*Sign on a Little Rock Eatery.*

All Dolled Up.—Mr. Charles D——, of Ottawa, will wear a coat frock of green blue kiro crepe with a lace straw hat of deeper blue and will carry a shower bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Perfect Picture.—The bride wore a peach-pink Bouesœur gown, embellished with a French blue belt and boy at the waist.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Versatile.—Mr. S. is head of the music department of Williams College, is a pianist and baritone soloist, and has a contralto voice.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Long May It Waver.—The flag on the —— Hose Co. building will remain at half-stag for a month. After to-day it was to have been raised to full stap, after being at half-stax for thirty days.—*Catskill paper.*

Next to Godliness.—Lupe Velez, washing and vivacious brunette Mexican screen star, who was last seen here in "Resurrection," appears in person to head the program of vaudeville.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Might Have Been Loaded.—

INJURED IN SALOON; POLICE SUSPECT A MILK BOTTLE

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

See Us Saturday Night.—Have brand new Ford Sedan and Coupé. Neither one ever run a mile. Will trade one or bath for late model.—*Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News.*

Beats the *Do-X*:—Moscow.—Civil aviation authorities to-day announced the opening on August 1 of one of the longest passenger and mail airplanes in the world, extending 6,000 miles from Moscow to Irkutsk and Vladivostok.—*New York American.*

Diplomacy in Wonderland.—The purpose of this letter is to express to you and through you to his excellency, the president my deep regret of this occurrence and to assure him that diligent effort will be made to ascertain whether the officer was without authority to commit the cat.—*Huntington (W. Va.) Herald-Dispatch.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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Albuquerque.—"T. M.," Chicago, Ill.—The name of the city in New Mexico is pronounced as if spelled *al''bu-kur'ki*—*a* as in *fat*, first *u* as in *rule*, second *u* as in *burn*, *i* as in *habit*, and the *k*'s hard as in *king*.

beloved.—"G. H. V.," Batavia, Ill.—When used as an adjective, this word is generally pronounced as three syllables—*bi-luv'ed* (*i* as in *habit*, *u* as in *but*, *e* as in *get*). As a passive verb, with auxiliary, it is pronounced as two syllables—*bi-luvd'* (*i* as in *habit*, *u* as in *but*).

compounds, plurals of.—"J. R. S.," Brenham, Tex.—The second element of a compound whose first element is a numeral adjective is not pluralized; thus, a *ten-foot* (not *ten-feet*) rule; a *three-story* house; a *two-mile* race.

hardily, heartily.—"V. L. P.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The word *hardily* means "with hardihood," and *hardihood* is defined as: "1. Sturdy courage; also, rash or foolish daring; venturesomeness. 2. Presumptuous boldness; audacity; effrontery. 3. The quality of being hardy; physical endurance."

The word *heartily* means: "1. With the whole heart; from the heart. 2. With vigor or zeal; energetically. 3. Abundantly; entirely." Therefore, "He ate his breakfast *heartily*," is correct.

host.—"E. B. F.," Louisville, Ky.—The word *host* is not a correct word to use in connection with the noun *papers*. A *host* is a large body of men arrayed for war. Its synonyms are *army*, *array*, *assemblage*, *assembly*, *crowd*, *horde*, *legion*, *mass* (in the sense of people), *multitude*, and *throng*.

It is true that we speak of the *starry host* when we mean the stars of heaven, but in this connection the word is used figuratively, just as we speak of the *hosts of heaven* when we refer to the multitude of angels.

irony, sarcasm, satire.—"R. A. D.," New York City.—*Irony* is the saying of one thing that the reverse may be understood, and may be either mild or bitter. It is a form of *sarcasm* by opposites. *Sarcasm* is bitter and personal *satire*, as by cutting speech or scornful or taunting language. *Satire* is the employment of *sarcasm*, *irony*, or *caustic wit* for the purpose of denouncing or deriding abuses or evil of any kind, indecorum, vices, and folly. A *satire* is a formal composition; a *sarcasm* may be an impromptu sentence. The *satire* shows up follies to keep people from them; the *sarcasm* hits them because they are foolish, without inquiring whether it will do good or harm; the *satire* is plainly uttered; the *sarcasm* is covert.

passed, past.—"G. A. McL.," Hailey, Idaho.—Either of these forms may be used for the past tense of the verb *to pass*, but *passed* is the preferred form.

permanent.—"T. F. G.," New York, City.—A famous judge said recently from the bench that if ladies would only keep their mouths shut, there would be fewer lawsuits; but, when he said this, he overlooked the blunders of the bar that are the cause of most of the lawsuits, or at least of their continuation. Every lawyer knows how careful one should be in one's use of words; for lawyers, by accident, or perhaps by design, are famous the world over for misinterpreting or misusing words.

One of the most popular words with the ladies just now is *permanent*. Women who are usually so careful in their uses of words are easily satisfied with a *permanent wave* that lasts only six months; yet when they appeal for restitution of conjugal rights, they require a very different kind of *permanence* when it concerns alimony. The judge of the High Court already referred to, sitting as trial judge in a case involving the term *permanent wave*, asked for enlightenment on its meaning as used in Tonsoria. Counsel replied *permanent* meant "that lasts as long as anything mortal lasts," but was promptly corrected by a "curlicurist" in court. He explained to the judge that a *permanent wave* lasted only until new hair grew to replace the old, and that as far as he knew it did not come from the Latin *per*, through, and *maneo*, remain, but came from the Latin *per*, meaning by, and *manus*, the hand; but both counsel and expert were wrong, the first as to meaning; the second as to etymology.

personification.—"C. M.," West Newton, Pa.—The state should be referred to impersonally with *it*, not *she*. The country is referred to figuratively or symbolically in the feminine as the embodiment of all the finer qualities to be found in the human race as symbolized by *Columbia* with us; *Britannia* with Great Britain.

predecessor.—"E. T. M.," Detroit, Mich.—This word may be pronounced either *pred''i-ses'ar* (*e*'s as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*, *a* as in *final*), or *pri'' di-ses'ar* (first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*, *e* as in *get*, *a* as in *final*). The first indicates modern American usage; the second, the usage of Great Britain.

prestige.—"R. G.," New York City.—This word may be pronounced either *pres-tiz'* (*e* as in *get*, *i* as in *police*, *z* as in *azure*), or *pres'tij* (*e* as in *get*, *i* as in *habit*, and *j* as in *jet*).

propose, purpose.—"S. O. G.," Hamilton, Can.—"In its most frequent use, *propose* differs from *purpose* in that what we *purpose* lies in our own mind, as a decisive act of will, a determination; what we *propose* is offered or stated to others. In this use of the word, what we *propose* is open to deliberation, as what we *purpose* is not. In another use of the word, one *proposes* something to or by himself which may or may not be stated to others. In this latter sense *propose* is nearly identical with *purpose*, and the two words have often been used interchangeably. But in the majority of cases what we *purpose* is more general, what we *propose* more formal and definite; I *purpose* to do right; I *propose* to do this specific thing because it is right. In the historic sentence, 'I *propose* to move immediately on your works,' *purpose* would not have the same sharp directness."—Fernald, *English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions*.

puss.—"W. D.," South Orange, N. J.—The domestic pet is commonly known by the popular name *puss*. In Friar Bacon's "Prophecie," it figures as "puscat." Minsheu spelled it *pusse*, and the term was used for both a cat and a hare. Wedgwood, an English theorizer in etymology, suggested that the name was given probably in imitation of the sound made by a cat in spitting. Another scholar, however, pointed out that the hare, when spoken of by those who used Latin, was called *lepus*. Others introduced the name carelessly into Norman French, and later spoke a jumble of languages, of which Latin formed no small part. They introduced the term which became a familiar word, and it was not long before the first syllable of the noun *le* was explained as the French definite article *le*, and *lepus* became *le puss*, and later in English, the French definite article *le* was displaced by the English *the*. Dr. Skeat believed the word to be imitative, and has told us that it occurs in "Tamil" as an idiom spelled *pusei*, a cat, while in the Cashgar dialect of the Afghan, *pusha* designates grimalkin.

sarsaparilla.—"S. C. C.," Gisborne, Auckland, New Zealand.—To show how uncertain etymologists sometimes may be as to the origin of words, no better term could have been selected than the one that you have picked out. Skeat dismisses it with "from the Spanish *zarzaparilla*," and says, "*zarza* means 'bramble'; the origin of the latter part of the name is unknown." But adds: "It has been supposed that *parilla* stands for *parrilla*, a possible diminutive of *parra*, a vine trained against sticks or a wall."

Dr. Bradley, while he knew this, stated that the word appears in Italian *salzapariglia*, as recorded in Florio's dictionary. It was left to Talbot to conclude that *salza* is a corruption of *sanza* or *senza*, and that the true name was *senza pariglia*, that is to say *sans-pareil*, without like, otherwise, peerless, for *pariglia* means "equal." Altho the word is Italian, it has been mistaken for a Spanish word, and derived from *zarza*, "bramble." The mistake of identification is repeated by Weekley in his recently published "Etymological Dictionary."

semasiology.—"S. E.," New York City.—This word means, "the department of philology that treats of the significance of words and the development of their meanings." It is pronounced *si-me''si-ol'o-ji*—*i*'s as in *habit*, *e* as in *prey*, first *o* as in *not*, second *o* as in *obey*.

sophisticate.—"F. H. C.," Toronto, Can.—This word is pronounced as if written *so-fis'ti-cet*—*o* as in *obey*, first *i* as in *hit*, second *i* as in *habit*, *e* as in *prey*.

stoker.—"F. A.," Boston, Mass.—One etymologist says that the word *stoker* is from the Irish *stoca*, a servant boy; a helper, adding that the final "a" of other languages often becomes "er" in English, as in Spanish *daga*, English *dagger*; Latin *carta*, Late Latin *charta*, English *charter*. But, the original *stoker* came from the Dutch, in which language it was a term used in brewing, and it appears in the dictionaries of Bailey and Phillips—"one that looks after a fire, and some other concerns in a brew-house." It is allied to the Middle Dutch *stock*, a stick, probably from the use by the stoker of a stock, or thick stick, in stirring a fire and arranging the logs, and this is the same word as the Old French *estoquer*, Middle English *stoken*, to stab. A *stock rapier* was a *stabbing rapier*, and so we see that from *stabbing* to *stoking* is but a step.

there.—"K. C.," Royal Oak, Mich.—The adverb *there* is used, much like *it*, as an introductory word serving to carry the real subject to the close of the sentence. The real subject of such a sentence is the nominative following the verb. Therefore, each of the sentences you cite should begin with "There *are*" as the nouns following the verb are plural nouns.

wonder.—"E. M. M.," Augusta, Me.—*Wonder* does not ask a question. It simply suggests a feeling of doubt or curiosity as to what may happen. Therefore, in the sentence cited, no interrogation-point is needed.

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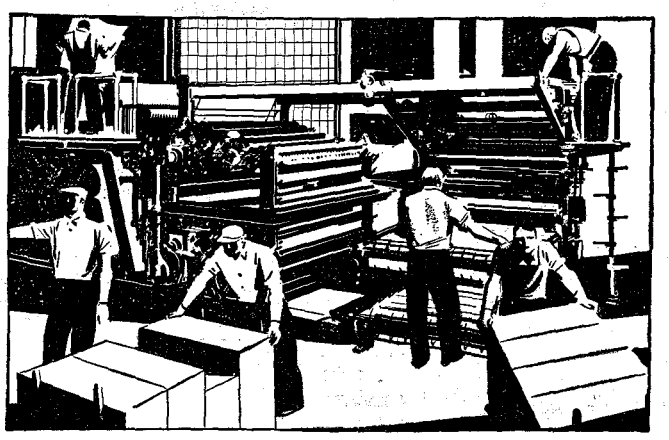
Send them your very latest news—

by Special Messenger



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE CLEAR-THINKING BUSINESS MEN OF AMERICA . . . *SEVENTH OF A SERIES*

IF ANY business has good news for the great American home—and a clear sense of the value of time, that business must consider the advertising columns of *The Literary Digest*—and the sooner the better!

For very good reasons . . . the Digest *is special messenger* to the ruling families of the nation. Not only the speediest carrier among magazines but also the bearer of wanted and trusted news and views.

Its method is fast and sure. Often you find at the head of a *Digest* article reference lines like this—"A poll of the Spanish, French and British press *by cable* on the pregnant events in Spain brings significant comment." It is common custom for the *Digest* to use the telegraph and cable for a poll of important newspapers. Regularly, *Digest* editors study more than 5000 newspapers and periodicals to be sure of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Readers of the *Digest* expect—and get—equally crisp and interesting news in the advertising columns. News of motors and ocean liners, of foods and household goods, of building materials and bonds, alongside news fresh from the world of events.

No other magazine offers the *Digest's* service to advertisers. Think of the audience—that sound, steady, middle group of 1,400,000 families, people of property and position. An alert, active, always-buying crowd. Families whose living standards are maintained—in high times and in hard times.

Think of the *Digest's* grip on the minds of that audience—as shown by its 10-year average of more than a million circulation, its high rate of renewals and the largest subscription revenue of any magazine.

Think of the *Digest's* immediacy—with a press-date only a week in advance of appearance. Then, take advantage of all these advantages. If your business has something to sell *now* to the people who have much to buy *now*—send them your very latest news, *by special messenger.*

The Literary Digest *is close to the life of the times, offering* immediate national publicity *to the advertiser who has a message of immediate national interest. It goes to press only seven days before delivery—thus having the speed of a weekly newspaper, plus its power as the leading news magazine. . . . . The* Digest *enters the best million homes with telephones, a market which buys two-thirds of all advertised commodities, and buys them first. It reaches* 36 *per cent of all families with incomes of* $10,000 *and up. Its list of subscribers is a roster of ready buyers in the upper-income brackets. . . . . For* 1931, *advertisers buy a guaranteed average circulation of at least* 1,400,000 *preferred prospects.*

★ The Literary Digest ★

SOUNDING-BOARD OF AMERICAN OPINION

"*The Literary Digest* is known to students of the publishing business as the sounding-board of American opinion. No other periodical in history has held a similar place. Time after time, its finger laid on the pulse of the people has been the one true index of national sentiment."

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